THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Planning Away Our Liberty	*F. A. von Hayek*
The Gestapo Cracks a 'Cell'	*V.*
Czechoslovakia in the Pincers	*Colonel Camille Baron*
The Long View in Asia	*A. Lobanov-Rostovsky*
A Day with Cedillo	*Graham Greene*
Our Lost Opportunities	*Paul Reynaud*
Backstage in Japan	*Margit Gantenbein*
Semyon's Old Man (A Story)	*S. Polotzki*

$6 a Year — *June, 1938* — 50¢ a Copy

ESTABLISHED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors to This Issue

KATHLEEN BARNES is Research Associate of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

CHARLES S. BRADEN is Professor in the Department of History and Literature of Religions at Northwestern University.

OLIVER J. CALDWELL is a member of the teaching staff of the University of Nanking.

CH'AO-TING CHI, lecturer and author, is now engaged in studying the effects of the war and the problem of economic reconstruction in China.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTONE is Dean and Associate Professor of Political Science at The George Washington University.

HARRIET MOORE is Editor of the semi-monthly *Bulletin on the Soviet Union* and the newly established *American Quarterly on the Soviet Union*, both published by the American Russian Institute. *The American Quarterly* made its first appearance with the April 1938 issue.

BISHOP LOGAN H. ROOTS, after 33 years service as Bishop of the Hupei-Hunan diocese of the American Episcopal Church in China, has recently retired and is now on his way home to the United States.

MINORU UCHIDA is a Japanese resident of San Francisco.

TOPICS IN BRIEF: T. A. B. (T. A. Bisson); P. J. J. (Philip J. Jaffe).

amerasia

A Review of America and the Far East

MAY 1938

VOL. II, NO. 3

Topics in Brief 130
Lessons of Taierhchwang
The Kuomintang Congress

Open Discussion 133
Minoru Uchida on K. W. Colegrove's "Japan as a Totalitarian State"

Shanghai's Uncertain Future 137
William C. Johnstone

USSR's Position in the Far East — What it Means to the United States 143
Kathleen Barnes and *Harriet Moore*

Japanese Imperialism and Religion 148
Charles S. Braden

Japan's Population and Policy of Expansion — A Review of Five Books 157
Ch'ao-ting Chi

Correspondence from China 165
A Night with the Wounded, by Oliver J. Caldwell
To My China Friends — Reflections after Forty Years in China, by Bishop Logan H. Roots
A Visit to Hankow — Letter from a Foreign Correspondent, January 15, 1938

Far Eastern Economic Notes 173
Ch'ao-ting Chi

News of the Month 175

EDITORIAL BOARD

Frederick V. Field, *Chairman*

Philip J. Jaffe, *Managing Editor* — Lillian Peffer, *Assistant Editor*

T. A. Bisson — William W. Lockwood
Ch'ao-ting Chi — Cyrus H. Peake
Kenneth W. Colegrove — David H. Popper
Owen Lattimore — William T. Stone

Harriet Levine, *Secretary*

Amerasia, Published Monthly by Amerasia, Inc. at 125 East 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. Price 25 cents a copy. By subscription: in the United States, Canada, and Mexico $2.50 yearly, Foreign add 50 cents for postage.

The above reproduction of the May contents illustrates the various phases of the Far Eastern question that AMERASIA deals with.

Subscribe today for AMERASIA and follow from month to month discussions of the fundamental issues involved in the Far Eastern situation.

A free sample copy will be sent on request

AMERASIA ▪ 125 EAST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for June, 1938

THE WORLD OVER 283
PLANNING AWAY OUR LIBERTY ..... *F. A. von Hayek* 290
THE GERMAN SCENE
I. THE FÜHRER'S DIPLOMACY ..... *Rudolf Kircher* 297
II. LUNCH WITH GÖRING ..... *Dr. Böje Benzon* 300
III. TEUTON WEDDING 301
IV. THE GESTAPO CRACKS A 'CELL' ..... *V.* 303
DRANG NACH OSTEN
I. CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN THE PINCERS ..... *Colonel Camille Baron* 308
II. IN THE GERMAN PATH ..... *A. B.* 310
VISIT TO RURITANIA ..... *Giles Playfair* 312
FRENCHMEN TAKE STOCK
I. RICH FRENCHMEN, POOR FRENCHMEN ..... *Paul Gerin* 316
II. LOST OPPORTUNITIES ..... *Paul Reynaud* 318
III. A WARNING TO THE RIGHT ..... *Charles Maurras* 320
SEMYON'S OLD MAN (A Story) ..... *S. Polotzki* 323
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
REYNAUD OF THE CENTER ..... *Antonina Vallentin* 327
A DAY WITH CEDILLO ..... *Graham Greene* 330
THE GIANT OF AVALLON ..... *L. Griffole* 332
THE LONG VIEW IN ASIA ..... *A. Lobanov-Rostovsky* 336
WHILE CHINA STRUGGLES
I. BACKSTAGE IN JAPAN ..... *Margit Gantenbein* 344
II. CENSORSHIP IN NORTH CHINA 346
III. SHANGHAI HOSPITAL ..... *Robin Hyde* 348
MISCELLANY
I. GETTING A DRINK IN SWEDEN ..... *Raymond Postgate* 350
II. WRITING ON THE WALL ..... *Georges Tixier* 352
III. GHOST CITY OF MANAOS 354
IV. THE TENANTS OF MADRID ..... *Heinz Wilhelm* 355
NOTES AND COMMENTS 358
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 360
BOOKS ABROAD 363
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 369

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 63 Park Row, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1938, by The Living Age Corporation, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in the incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

THERE can be no doubt that the most pressing question before the democratic peoples of the world today concerns the degree of governmental control which shall be imposed on their economic systems.

Largely because there is in England a powerful Labour Party, discussion of the pros and cons of economic planning has been much more thorough there than in the United States, although the New Deal Administration has made more ambitious attempts in the direction of planning than either of the Labour Governments which have been in office. Many noted British Socialists, among them G. D. H. Cole and Harold Laski, have argued for the virtues of a scientifically planned economy, but its outstanding exponent, because his approach is scientific and free of political bias, is John Maynard Keynes, whose famous article, 'How to Avoid a Slump,' was published in THE LIVING AGE for March, 1937.

Opposition in England to Professor Keynes and the other 'planners' has been mainly provided by a group from the London School of Economics; and several years ago, in order to get help in coping with the brilliant Keynes, the School invited F. A. von Hayek, one of the most eminent of the younger Viennese economists, a pupil of von Mises and a disciple of Böhn-Bawerk, to join its Faculty. Having some time ago presented Professor Keynes's views on the necessity of planning, we now offer, as our leading article, Professor von Hayek's statement of its dangers. 'Planning Away Our Liberty' will, we believe, be found provocative of serious thinking on this important subject, although we must warn the reader that Professor von Hayek concerns himself with principles and does not bother to 'step down' his argument for the benefit of the layman. Our readers, however, will have little difficulty in following his inferences and in supplying their own illustrations to his points. [p. 290]

FOUR articles, comprising 'The German Scene,' deal with various aspects of Hitler's Reich. Rudolf Kircher, editor-in-chief of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, states in his article on 'The Führer's Diplomacy,' that Hitler's 'sudden diplomacy' has really been based upon shrewd calculation rather than upon 'inspiration.' [p. 297] *Gemeinnutz vor Eigennutz* (the common good before the individual's) seems to be a Nazi slogan that does not apply to the leaders. For Böje Benzon, correspondent for the conservative Danish *Berlingske Tidende*, is almost stunned by the luxury with which Marshal General Göring has surrounded himself. [p. 300] 'Teuton Wedding' shows why the Neo-Paganism professed by ardent young Nazis is completely irreconcilable with Christianity. [p. 301] The *Manchester Guardian*, which has distinguished itself since Hitler's rise to power by its remarkable and authentic 'inside' stories of Germany, reveals in 'The Gestapo Cracks a Cell,' how a secret political life still exists in spite of the efficiency and terror of the Secret Police. [p. 303]

FOR some time to come, it is likely that the Maginot Line and the British Grand Fleet will discourage Greater Germany from attempting to expand in the West. Chancellor Hitler's next coup will therefore be the achievement of some new phase of the *Drang Nach Osten*, or Push to the East, where the obstacles are far less formidable. The principal one, of course, is Czechoslovakia, and in 'Czechoslovakia in the Pincers,' Colonel Camille Baron examines that country's strategic position and defense problems. Colonel

(*Continued on page 376*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

June, 1938 *Volume 354, Number 4461*

The World Over

BOMBERS FROM CZECHOSLOVAK airdromes can be over Berlin in 25 minutes; they can reach the great chemical plants of Central Germany in from 10 to 20 minutes, and the industrial cities of German Silesia in 10 minutes. Here is the practical, strategic reason why a powerful Germany, even if she were not spurred by racist and imperialist ideas, would be obliged to seek the elimination or control of Czechoslovakia.

Chancellor Hitler hopes to end this menace to German safety, and remove the Czech barricade against further expansion eastward, by pressing the Czechoslovaks to admit the German minority to a position where it can quickly destroy the Republic from the inside. If this device fails, as now seems likely, Hitler will act more vigorously. Three courses are open to him: economic strangulation, which could be achieved by closing the German and Austrian outlets to Czechoslovakia's trade; an alliance with Hungary, perhaps forced, which would virtually complete Czechoslovakia's encirclement; and direct attack, which remains dangerous even if based upon a Sudeten revolt because it might bring on a general war. We shall know his choice before the Summer is over.

IN THE UNDECLARED WARS which are now being fought, the distinction between combatant and non-combatant is becoming more and more strained. The world is growing used to the bombing of unfortified cities, just as it is becoming hardened to the conception of the 'total' character of modern war. The modern Mars is a jealous god, and the militaristic Powers which worship him are already failing to pay even lip

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service to the so-called 'laws of war.' And, gradually, the concept of 'total' war is beginning to penetrate the democracies; eventually, it must completely dominate the minds and arrangements of those peoples who hope to defend themselves successfully against aggression.

So fearful are the British becoming of swift bombing attacks from German airfields that many eminent persons of various political parties are urging that all Britain be immediately organized for 'national service.' Both men and women, according to their plan, would be registered; all industries and economic and human resources would be placed in immediate readiness for instant mobilization 'to resist the enemy, or to support the fighting services in resisting him with weapons and methods like his own.' Not a few voices are demanding conscription, something England has never had in time of peace.

Dr. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, who is well-known to American readers and lecture-goers, had this to say recently about 'national service,' which promises to be only a milestone on the road to the 'total' concept of war: 'Given the hypothesis of a world gone corporately mad (an inescapable hypothesis in these days) and when the only remaining sanity is our individual consciousness of the corporate madness—in such a world the measure proposed seems to me inevitable and in that sense necessary.'

But Dr. Jacks warned of the significant consequences:—

> When the whole community is organized for war in the manner proposed by the advocates of national service, any part of that community becomes, according to the logic of war, a legitimate object of attack to the enemy, and the distinction between combatant and non-combatant no longer holds from his point of view.
>
> Under these circumstances, to denounce him as inhuman for dropping his bombs on the civilian population, instead of confining himself to military objectives, is beside the mark and obviously futile. He will reply, with perfect justice according to the logic of war—another name for the ethics of the devil—that the distinction between military and civilian has been destroyed by the measures taken to resist him, and that his right to drop his bombs on the fighting forces includes the right to drop them on any part of the community which has been organized, registered, or conscripted for their support.

We have quoted Dr. Jacks, not because his conclusions will strike our readers as new, for we have dealt with this subject before, but because it reveals that moderate, high-minded Englishmen are beginning, by rational processes, to understand what is in store for their people. In time he, and they, will have done with futile protests against 'the parent abomination—that slavery to the war machine into which the industries, economic resources and man-power of the nations have so disastrously fallen,' and realize that the only effective defense will be the ability to strike back more terribly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These Britons would appreciate the character and uses of 'total' war the more easily if they would recall that the British Government has long practiced it against benighted tribes in Northwest India and Arabia.

THE STABILITY of Premier Daladier's Cabinet in France will doubtless be tested soon after the Parliament reconvenes. Its initial pretense to unity can certainly not be maintained, especially in regard to foreign policy. At least two of the Ministers, Paul Reynaud and Georges Mandel, will oppose any weakening of the pacts with Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia and, if the Chamberlain Government should increase its pressure in that direction, they and their friends are strong enough to force resignation.

For several years French Cabinets have meekly followed the advice, or in some cases, the dictation, of London in foreign policy. They have been obliged to pursue a policy toward German and Italian intervention in Spain which was not in accord with France's traditional interests, and which may ultimately have tragic consequences for her security. Why have the French been so subservient to Downing Street? As we see it, the explanation is not that they had to remain in leading strings in order to be sure of British support in the event of attack, for Great Britain has no choice. Her security is now so intimately bound up with that of France that she must support her old ally in any emergency, even if the latter should go to war to aid Czechoslovakia or Russia. The explanation is, rather, that recent French Cabinets have all been in financial difficulties and have had to depend heavily on British support, not only for actual help, such as the 40 million pound (9,230,000,000 franc) loan of January, 1937, but also for the assurance of additional loans if new crises arose and for continuing the Tripartite Agreement. Both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain have used this financial weapon to make the French do their bidding. In private affairs this would be called blackmail; in diplomacy it becomes the dignified *quid pro quo*.

DR. SCHACHT'S financial wizardry is unquestionable. The same can be said of his patriotism, for, as a good German, he has placed his genius in the management of currency in the service of the First, Second and Third Reichs in turn, and without stint. Yet, despite his incalculable contributions to the success of the Nazi program in rearmament, public works and trade, he is not a Nazi. Moreover, statements which he has made publicly and reports about his views, attributed to his friends in the City of London have indicated that he was no more than lukewarm to National Socialism. Can it be, then, that he is becoming converted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the 'cause' after all these years? For un-Schachtian, indeed, was the fervor and rhetoric with which he addressed the officials of the former National Bank of Austria at Vienna on March 21st—a little more than a week after the *Anschluss*. A passage from his address follows:—

> We now live in one of the most important moments of German history. The road to the Eastern March is again open to the Reich's Nibelungen, and we will not tolerate its being blocked up again.
>
> It has been said in the past that Austria had a mission to fulfill. We answer: Yes! Such a mission surely exists, but no German mission can exist outside of Germany's own missions. The mission of Austria consists in being the vehicle of Germanic culture and in bringing the good name of Germany and the respect due to her beyond Germany, and especially to Southeastern Europe. This mission is now to be accomplished by Austria inside of a great Reich and with the support of a Power of 75,000,000 inhabitants, populating and animating the heart of Europe.

Those gentlemen in the City of London who have favored the idea of making loans to Germany and who have believed that in Dr. Schacht they had a kind of Trojan Horse inside the Reich would be well advised to watch him carefully for a while. And the countries of Southeastern Europe, while respecting Germany's culture and good name, would do well to be on their guard against the 'Nibelungen.'

CHANCELLOR HITLER is a splendid vote-getter and all his plebiscites have been magnificent successes. *Anschluss*, it will be remembered, was approved by 99.08 per cent of the voters in Greater Germany, and by 99.75 per cent of the annexed Austrians. But even the latter figure is not a record in the controlled plebiscite event, for when a Führer of long ago, Napoleon Bonaparte, asked the French to approve his promotion to the title of Emperor, he received a majority of 99.9 per cent; and Joseph Stalin recently got 100 per cent of the votes when he stood for election to the Soviet Supreme Council.

DEMOCRACIES ARE generally supposed to be handicapped to a far greater extent than the authoritarian régimes by red tape. This may be so in regard to official business, of whatever public department; but we doubt that any entrepreneur in any democracy is subjected by his government to the inconveniences listed in the following letter from a German sugar refiner to the *Deutsche Volkswirtschaft*, and which we understand to be typical of the grip of officialdom on business and industry in the Third Reich:—

> Sir: We intend to erect a small boiler house on the grounds of our sugar refinery. In order to obtain the necessary permits we must submit estimates and designs to the following authorities:—
>
> 1. Central Board of the German Sugar Industry
> 2. National Labor Office

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. Local Labor Office
4. Air Raid Protection Bureau for Industry
5. A special bureau having supervision over boiler house construction
6. Local building department
7. Silesian Association for Boiler Supervision
8. Headquarters of electrical industry in regard to extending the main cable
9. Reichsbahn bureau supervising construction of track
10. A certified engineer to check contractor's estimate on track
11. Reich Power Authority in regard to expansion of power

GERMAN IS SPOKEN in Luxemburg, and the Grand Duchy belonged to the *Zollverein* before the war. These are deemed sufficient reasons by Nazi propagandists to include the little country among the regions which are some day to be annexed. In addition to racial considerations, there are others of a far more practical nature which make the Grand Duchy desirable. It has iron-ore deposits, from which its 19 blast furnaces produce more than 100,000 tons of iron and steel a month, and as yet unexploited deposits of copper, antimony, lead and coal. These raw materials would be a welcome help in the Reich's effort to achieve autarchy.

A well-organized Nazi penetration is already under way. Most of the 17,000 Germans in the Grand Duchy belong to the Luxemburg section of the German National Socialist Party, and are under the authority of their own Führer, who enjoys diplomatic immunity. This strange fact is explained by the peculiar naturalization laws of the Duchy, according to which the German inhabitants, although naturalized Luxemburgers, retain their German citizenship. Their young men actually serve their required term of military training in the German Army. Under the guise of holding cultural and artistic conferences, Nazi orators harangue their followers on the Party ideals, and their cause has been aided by French conservatives who have made speeches in Luxemburg about the decadence of France. On the morrow of *Anschluss*, the German Minister protested sharply to the Duchy's Foreign Office against unfavorable comments in the press, and went so far as to threaten economic reprisals if they continued. And, as might be expected, the Nazis have launched a drive against the Jews. Countless tracts have been distributed, and Swastikas are painted on Jewish shop-windows under cover of darkness.

Luxemburg is incapable of defending herself, and her leaders are now trying to secure guarantees of support in the democratic capitals. In view of the attitude of the Western Powers toward the annexation of Austria, they have little hope of success.

OFFICIALLY, at least, Poland is determined to maintain her neutral position between Russia and Germany, and between the aggressive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascist Powers and the pacific democracies. In practice, however, her fear of rearmed Germany has so strengthened the hands of Foreign Minister Beck, who has always been pro-German in his sympathy and policy, that Poland is now virtually a silent partner in the Fascist Power camp. Poland's sudden ultimatum to, and mobilization against, Lithuania at the time of the *Anschluss* crisis was rather more than a coincidence. And despite France's incalculable aid to Poland in beating off Russia in 1920, in financing and supervising the creation of her army and in providing vast sums for the building of the Katowicz-Gdynia railroad, the port of Gdynia and munitions plants, Poland has practically disavowed her obligations under the post-War military alliance. It appears that so long as Germany promises not to touch Polish territory, the Warsaw Government will acquiesce in, and perhaps aid, German expansion elsewhere. Mr. Beck is even strongly suspected of discussing a partition of Czechoslovakia at Berlin.

Granting that Poland's position is an awkward one, neither fear nor blindness should obscure from her the fact that she is now at a turning point in her national destiny. If she permits Germany either to absorb Czechoslovakia or to impair Czech independence, she will immediately find herself in the same strategic peril which now threatens her southern neighbor. If Germany ever becomes able to use Czechoslovak territory for military purposes, then Poland cannot be defended. The length of frontier she would have to defend against Germany would be doubled and the powerful and expensive fortifications which have been built along her western frontier would be useless, for German armies could drive down the valleys from the Carpathians into the heart of the country.

We believe that Poland's future as an independent State is closely linked with that of Czechoslovakia.

NOTHING is more calculated to goad a proud and powerful nation into making a supreme effort than a minor defeat. The disgrace must be avenged at all costs. That seems to have been the most important result of the Chinese victory at Taierchwang early in April upon both the civil and military leaders of Japan. The Chinese were encouraged, of course, by the feat of their troops, and Marshal Chang has been considerably aided by the coming of the Spring rains, which have filled the rivers and canals in the path of the Japanese columns. But the Japanese High Command has thrown perhaps a quarter of a million troops into the Suchow area, including many *élite* divisions from Manchukuo, where they had been kept in readiness to meet any attempt by Soviet Russia to intervene. If the Chinese are not to suffer a disaster of the first magnitude, they must avoid trying to cope with the enemy's superiority in training,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

staff efficiency, fire power and aviation by decisive action in the field. That was Haile Selassie's tragic mistake. Marshal Chang, like the Negus, has been warned by foreign experts that his only chance of success lies in following the Russian strategy against Napoleon. It is not inspiring either for the troops in the field or for the patriots behind the lines to fight and run. And having once tasted the sweetness of victory, there is an almost overpowering temptation to seek victory again even though the risks are too great.

China's best chance of success, aside from the unexpected intervention of Russia, lies in making the war long and increasingly expensive for the invader. Her armies must fight doggedly; but they must retire whenever there is danger of encirclement; her innumerable small partisan bands must operate unremittingly, and at night, against the hundreds of posts along the overextended Japanese lines of communications. It may yet happen that China will retreat to victory. Japan's financial system cannot be expected to collapse suddenly, but a tremendous and steady drain on her resources for the Army may convince her leaders that she is jeopardizing her safety in the event of a struggle with her infinitely more dangerous enemy, Soviet Russia, and incline them to a surprisingly moderate peace.

This point of view was recently expressed, in part, by a realistic Chinese to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. After an unsuccessful Japanese air raid, he calculated happily that: 'It cost the Japanese at least $20,000 in bombs to plough up a few holes in the ground which we can fill up for $20.'

MEXICO'S CAMPAIGN to repatriate the subsoil resources that have been developed by foreign interests has been conducted at so fast a pace that it is hard to believe that President Cárdenas, Señor Toledano, the powerful labor leader, or the workers themselves have properly considered the consequences. British and United States interests have been injured and the promised indemnification is likely to be small. Apparently in retaliation, Washington has already suspended the Silver Purchase Act, by which some $30,000,000 worth of Mexican silver was bought annually, and the Mexican Government's efforts to operate the confiscated oilfields and export their product may fail because of a British-American boycott. Without the large revenues heretofore derived from oilfields and silver mines, the success of Mexico's Six-Year Plan will be endangered, and the threat of civil war may become serious. Mexico and Señor Toledano seem to be ignorant of wise old Lenin's warning that the tempo of a successful revolution should be 'three steps forward, one backward.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is the price a nation must pay if it really wants a planned economy.

Planning Away *Our* Liberty

By F. A. VON HAYEK

From the *Contemporary Review*
London Topical Monthly

THE link between classical liberalism and present-day Socialism—often still misnamed liberalism—is undoubtedly the belief that the consummation of individual freedom requires relief from the most pressing economic cares. If this seems attainable only at the price of restricting freedom in economic activity, then that price must be paid; and it may be conceded that most of those who want to restrict private initiative in economic life do so in the hope of creating more freedom in spheres which they value higher. So successfully has 'the Socialist ideal of freedom—social, economic and political' been preached that the old cry of the opponents that Socialism means slavery has been completely silenced. Probably the great majority of the Socialist intellectuals regard themselves as the true upholders of the great tradition of intellectual and cultural liberty against that threatening monster—the authoritarian Leviathan.

Yet here and there, in the writings of some of the more independent minds of our time who have generally welcomed the universal trend toward collectivism, a note of disquiet can be discerned. The question has forced itself upon them whether some of the shocking developments of the past decades may not be the necessary outcome of the tendencies which they had themselves favored. There are some elements in the present situation which strongly suggest that this may be so, such as the intellectual past of the authoritarian leaders, and the fact that many of the more advanced Socialists openly admit that the attainment of their ends is not possible without a thorough curtailment of individual liberty.

We see that the similarity between many of the most characteristic features of the 'Fascist' and the 'Communist' régimes becomes steadily more obvious. Nor is it an accident that in the Fascist States a Socialist is often regarded as a potential recruit, while the liberal of the old school is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recognized as the arch-enemy. And, above all, the effects of the gradual advance toward collectivism in the countries which still cherish the tradition of liberty on social and political institutions provide ample food for thought. Anyone who has had an opportunity to watch at close range the intellectual evolution of the peoples who eventually succumbed to authoritarianism cannot fail to observe a very similar chain of cause and effect in a much less advanced state proceeding in the countries which are yet free.

Can we be certain that we know exactly where the danger to liberty lies? Was the rise of the Fascist régimes really simply an intellectual reaction fomented by those whose privileges were abolished by social progress? Of course the direction of affairs in those countries has been taken out of the hands of the working classes and has been placed in those of a more efficient oligarchy. But have the new rulers not taken over the fundamental ideas and methods and simply turned them to their own ends?

It is astounding that these fateful possibilities which suggest themselves have not yet received more attention. If the suspicion of such a connection should prove correct, it would mean that we are witnessing one of the great tragedies in human history: more and more people being driven by their indignation about the suppression of political and intellectual freedom in some countries to join the forces which make its ultimate suppression inevitable. It would mean that many of the most active and sincere advocates of intellectual freedom are in effect its worst enemies and far more dangerous than its avowed opponents, because they enlist the support of those who would recoil in horror if they understood the ultimate consequences.

II

An attempt will be made here to show why this connection, which experience suggests, must be regarded as of a necessary character—as dictated by the inherent logic of things. The main point is very simple. It is that the central economic planning, which is regarded as necessary to organize economic activity on more rational and efficient lines, presupposes a much more complete agreement on the relative importance of the different ends than actually exists. Therefore, in order to be able to plan, the planning authority must impose upon the people that detailed code of values which is lacking. And imposing here means more than merely reading such a detailed code of values into the vague general formulæ on which alone the people are able to agree. The people must be made to believe in this particular code of values, since the success or failure of the planning authority will in two different ways depend on whether it succeeds in creating that belief. On the one hand, it will only secure the necessary enthusiastic support if the people believe in the ends which the plan serves; and on the other hand, the outcome will only be regarded as successful if the ends served are generally regarded as the right ones.

A fuller exposition must begin with the problems which arise when a democracy begins to plan. Planning must be understood here in the wide sense of any deliberate attempt at central direction of economic activity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which goes beyond mere general rules that apply equally to all persons, and which tells different people individually what to do and what not to do. The demand for such planning arises because people are promised a greater measure of welfare if industry is consciously organized on rational lines and because it seems obvious that those particular ends which each individual most desires can be achieved by means of planning. But the agreement about the ends of planning is, in the first instance, necessarily confined to some blanket formula like the general welfare, greater equality or justice, etc.

Agreement on such a general formula is, however, not sufficient to determine a concrete plan, even if we take all the technical means as given. Planning always involves a sacrifice of some ends in favor of others, a balancing of costs and results, and this presupposes a complete ranging of the different ends in the order of their importance. To agree on a particular plan requires much more than agreement on some general ethical rule; it requires much more than general adherence to any of the ethical codes which have ever existed; it requires that sort of complete quantitative scale of values which manifests itself in the actual decisions of every individual but on which, in an individualist society, agreement is neither necessary nor present.

This fact—that a measure of agreement which does not exist is required in order to translate the apparent agreement on the desirability to plan into concrete action—has two important consequences. In the first instance it is responsible for the conspicuous inability of democratic assemblies to carry out what is apparently the expressed will of the people, because it is only when it comes to translate the vague instructions into action that the lack of real agreement manifests itself. Hence the growing dissatisfaction with the 'talking shops' which fail to carry out what to the man in the street seems a clear mandate.

III

The second effect of the same cause, which appears wherever a democracy attempts to plan, is the general recognition that if efficient planning is to be done in a particular field, the direction of affairs must be 'taken out of politics' and placed in the hands of independent, autonomous bodies. This is usually justified by the technical character of the decisions to be made, for which the members of a democratic assembly are not qualified. But this excuse does not go to the root of the matter. Alterations in the structure of the civil law are no less technical and no more difficult to appreciate in all their implications; yet nobody would seriously suggest that legislation should here be delegated to a body of experts. The fact is, that such legislation will be carried no further than is permitted by true agreement between a majority. But in the direction of economic activity, say of transport, or industrial planning, the interests to be reconciled are so divergent that no true agreement on a single plan could be reached in a democratic assembly. Hence, in order to be able to extend action beyond the questions on which agreement exists, the decisions are reserved to a few representatives of the most powerful 'interests.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But this expedient is not effective enough to placate the dissatisfaction which the impotence of the democracy must create among all friends of extensive planning. The delegation of special decisions to many independent bodies presents in itself a new obstacle to proper coördination of State action in different fields. The legislature is naturally reluctant to delegate decisions on really vital questions. And the agreement that planning is necessary, together with the inability to agree on a particular plan, must tend to strengthen the demand that the Government, or some single person, should be given power to act on their own responsibility. It becomes more and more the accepted belief that if one wants to get things done, the responsible director of affairs must be freed from the fetters of democratic procedure.

Democratic government has fallen into discredit because it has been burdened with tasks for which it is not suited. Here is a fact of the greatest importance which has not yet received adequate recognition. Yet the fundamental position is simply that the probability of agreement of a substantial portion of the population upon a particular course of action decreases as the scope of State activity expands. There are certain functions of the State on the exercise of which there will be practical unanimity. There will be others on which there will be agreement among a substantial majority. And so on until we come to fields where, although every individual might wish the government to intervene in some direction, there will be almost as many views about how the government should act as there are different persons.

Democratic government worked successfully so long as, by a widely accepted creed, the functions of the State were limited to fields where real agreement among a majority could be achieved. The price we have to pay for a democratic system is the restriction of State action to those fields where agreement can be obtained; and it is the great merit of a liberal society that it reduces the necessity of agreement to a minimum compatible with the diversity of individual opinions which will exist in a free society. It is often said that democracy will not tolerate capitalism. But if here 'capitalism' means a competitive society based on free disposal over private property, the much more important fact is that only capitalism makes democracy possible. And if a democratic people comes under the sway of an anti-capitalistic creed, this means that democracy will inevitably destroy itself.

IV

But if democracy had to abdicate only from the control of economic life, this might still be regarded as a minor evil compared with the advantages expected from planning. Indeed, many of the advocates of planning fully realize—and have resigned themselves to the fact—that if planning is to be effective, democracy in the economic sphere has to go by the board. But it is a fatal delusion to believe that authoritarian government can be confined to economic matters. The tragic fact is that dictatorial direction cannot remain confined to economic matters but is bound to expand and to become 'totalitarian' in the strict sense of the word. The economic dictator will soon find himself forced,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even against his wishes, to assume dictatorship over the whole of the political and cultural life of the people. We have already seen that the planner must not only impose a concrete and detailed scale of values upon the vague and general instructions given by popular clamor, but must also, if he wants to act at all, make the people believe that this imposed code of values is the right one. He is forced to create that unity of purpose which—apart from national crises like war—is absent in a free society. Even more, if he is to be allowed to carry out the plan which he thinks to be the right one, he must retain the popular support, that is, he must at all costs appear successful.

The decision on the relative importance of conflicting aims is necessarily a decision about the relative merits of different groups and individuals. Planning becomes necessarily a planning in favor of some and against others. The problem here is, of course, not that the different people concerned have not the most decided opinions on the relative merits of their respective wishes; it is rather that these opinions are irreconcilable. But the ground on which the more or less arbitrary decision of the authority rests must be made to appear just, to be based on some ultimate ideal in which everybody is supposed to believe. The inevitable distinction between persons must be made a distinction of rank, most conveniently and naturally based on the degree to which people share and loyally support the creed of the ruler. And it further clarifies the position if to the aristocracy of creed at one end of the scale there corresponds a class of outcasts at the other, whose interests can in all cases be sacrificed to those of the privileged class.

But conformity to the ruling ideas cannot be regarded as a special merit, although those who excel by their devotion to the creed will be rewarded. It must be exacted from everybody. Every doubt in the rightness of the ends aimed at or the methods adopted is apt to diminish loyalty and enthusiasm and must therefore be treated as sabotage. The creation and enforcement of the common creed and of the belief in the supreme wisdom of the ruler becomes an indispensable instrument for the success of the planned system. The ruthless use of all potential instruments of propaganda and the suppression of every expression of dissent is not an accidental accompaniment of a centrally directed system—it is an essential part of it.

Nor can moral coercion be confined to the acceptance of the ethical code underlying the whole plan. It is in the nature of things that many parts of this code, many parts of the scale of values underlying the plan, can never be explicitly stated. They exist only implicitly in the plan. But this means that every part of the plan, in fact, every action of the government or its agencies, becomes sacrosanct and exempt from criticism.

V

It is, however, only the expression of criticism that can be forcibly suppressed. But doubts that are never uttered and hesitation that is never voiced have equally insidious effects, even if they dwell only in the minds of the people. Everything which might induce discontent must therefore be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kept from them. The basis for comparison with conditions elsewhere, the knowledge of possible alternatives to the course taken, information which might suggest failure on the part of the Government to live up to its promises or to take advantage of opportunities to improve the lot of the people—all these must be suppressed. Indeed, there is no subject that has not some possible bearing on the estimation in which the Government will be held. There is consequently no field where the systematic control of information will not be practiced. That the Government which claims to plan economic life soon asserts its totalitarian character is no accident—it can do nothing less if it wants to remain true to the intention of planning. Economic life is not a sector of human life which can be separated from the rest; it is the administration of the means for all our different ends. Whoever takes charge of these means must determine which ends shall be served: which values are to be rated higher and which lower—in short, what men should believe and strive for. And man himself becomes little more than a means for the realization of the ideals which may guide the dictator.

It is to be feared that to a great many of our contemporaries this picture, even should they recognize it as true, has lost most of the terror which it would have inspired in our fathers. There were, of course, always many to whom intellectual coercion was only objectionable if it was exercised by others, and who regarded it as beneficial if it was exercised for ends of which they approved. How many of the exiled intellectuals from the authoritarian countries would be only too ready to apply the intellectual coercion which they condemn in their opponents in order to make the people believe in their own ideals—incidentally another illustration for the close kinship of the fundamental principles of Fascism and Communism!

But although the liberal age was probably freer from intellectual coercion than any other, the desire to force upon people a creed which is regarded as salutary for them is not a new phenomenon. What is new is the attempt to justify it on the part of the Socialist intellectuals of our time. There is no real freedom of thought in a capitalist society, so it is said, because the opinions and tastes of the masses are inevitably shaped by propaganda, by advertising, by the example of the upper classes and by other environmental factors which relentlessly force the thinking of the people into well-worn grooves. But if, the argument proceeds, the ideals and tastes of the great majority are formed by environmental factors which are under human control, we might as well use this power to turn their thoughts in what we think a desirable direction. That is, from the fact that the great majority have not learned to think independently but accept the ideas which they find ready-made, the conclusion is drawn that a particular group of people—of course, those who advocate this—are justified in assuming to themselves the exclusive power to determine what the people should believe.

VI

It is not my intention to deny that for the great majority of individuals the existence or non-existence of intellectual freedom makes little dif-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference to their personal happiness; nor to deny that they will be equally happy if born or coaxed into one set of beliefs rather than another, and whether they have grown accustomed to one kind of amusement or another. That in any society it will be only the comparatively few for whom freedom of thought is of any significance or exists in any real sense is probably only too true. But to deprecate the value of intellectual freedom because it will never give everybody the same opportunity of independent thought is completely to miss the reasons which give intellectual freedom its value. What is essential to make it serve its function as the prime mover of intellectual progress is not that everybody may think or write everything, but that any cause or any idea may be argued by somebody. So long as dissent is not actually prevented, there will always be some who will query the ideas ruling their contemporaries and put new ideas to the test of argument and propaganda. The social process which we call human reason and which consists of the interaction of individuals possessing different information and different views, sometimes consistent and sometimes conflicting, goes on. Once given the possibility of dissent there will be dissenters, however small the proportion of people who are capable of independent thought. Only the imposition of an official doctrine which must be accepted and which nobody dare question can stop intellectual progress.

How completely the imposition of a comprehensive authoritarian creed stifles all spirit of independent inquiry; how it destroys the sense for any other meaning of truth than that of conformity with the official doctrine; how differences of opinion in every branch of knowledge become political issues—these must be seen in one of the totalitarian countries to be appreciated. We must hope that those in the Western world who seem to be ready to sacrifice intellectual freedom because it does not mean the same economic opportunity for all will yet realize what is at stake. The great danger comes from the fact that we take so much of the inheritance of the liberal age for granted—have come to regard it as the inalienable property of our civilization—that we cannot fully conceive what it would mean if we lost it. Yet freedom and democracy are not free gifts which will remain with us if we only wish. The time seems to have come when it is once again necessary to become fully conscious of the conditions which make them possible, and to defend these conditions even if they seem to block the path to the achievement of other ideals.

Distance Lends Enchantment

In the lobby of the French Chamber, Chancellor Hitler was being compared with Premier Mussolini. The only Deputy who knew both dictators personally was Jean Goy, who was reluctant to give his opinion. At last, upon being hard pressed, he said: 'All right—but don't pass it on. If you are in the presence of one, you prefer the other.'

—*Vendémiaire*, Paris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An explanation of Hitler's policy by a Nazi editor; a visit to Göring's castle; rules for a truly Teutonic wedding; the dreaded Gestapo at work.

The German Scene

I. The Führer's Diplomacy

By Rudolf Kircher

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, German Coördinated Daily

FOR so many years we Germans had been satisfied with the minimum that we had altogether forgotten to think in terms of achievement. Then came the Führer, who regarded maximum achievements as barely sufficient. It takes one's breath away merely to stand by and watch him move on from success to success. Those once complacent foreigners who believed that they alone could play the game of power have themselves now become bystanders. For such they were, and nothing more, during the recent Austrian crisis. But before they begin to estimate whether their strength is sufficient for them to interfere forcibly with our further progress, they would do well to ask themselves honestly whether their new rôle of bystander is not the natural one and the old one wrong and presumptuous. In this connection, the Austrian crisis is again instructive: after the thin but closely woven veil with which Dollfuss and Schuschnigg had deluded their people had been torn away, the true sentiments of Austria came to the surface. France, Czechoslovakia and the others had bet on the wrong card; they had backed a dictatorial clique, not the Austrian people.

German diplomacy can be explained by a very simple formula: wherever the 1919 settlement falsified and outraged the true and natural balance of conditions in favor of the Allied Powers, our principal method has consisted in exposing the injustice and letting right speak for itself. It is primarily because of this method that Germany has achieved so much without war. Had not the Versailles Treaty been such an inexhaustible source of injustice, and had we not been able to prove our own right so clearly, the struggle for justice would have developed rapidly into an open struggle for power, ultimately to be solved only by armed force. As Germans, our purpose was to expose this injustice, while the others used all their gran-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diloquence and shrewdness to keep them concealed. They even threatened force in case Germany should help herself to justice. Sizing up the seriousness of such threats became one of the chief tasks of German diplomacy.

This calculation—so obvious in retrospect—was in reality a diplomatic achievement of the highest order. For repeatedly those Powers which wished us to remain eternally shackled were forced to admit: you are right as to the facts but your methods are objectionable. Naturally they were objectionable, for they always obtained for Germany what those other Powers did not want to concede, at least 'not yet.' We do not doubt for a moment that future historians will unanimously reproach the French and the English with having committed the most serious blunder possible by their failure to realize the inevitable. It was a blunder of the first magnitude, as well from the standpoint of power politics as from the standpoint of those who would like to strengthen international law and promote genuine coöperation between nations. Future historians will recognize this crucial fact as an unassailable justification of the rebirth of the German people from the ashes of Versailles.

II

The disintegration of the original enemy front was not merely the result but also a cause of this development. Gradually, the disintegration went even further than the Western Powers seem to realize. There are still politicians in Paris who believe that even today they can mobilize various nations against Germany—that they can again 'encircle' her. The blasting of our shackles began when we concluded the treaty of friendship with Poland. And developments in Europe have taken such a turn that, apart from Czechoslovakia, there are only friendly nations on our eastern and southeastern frontiers.

French policy has very little to show in the face of this gigantic success—except the stubbornness of the Czechoslovak Premier and the threadbare and unnatural alliance with the Soviet Union. It follows that there is no longer any real basis upon which France can sponsor anti-German policies along our eastern borders. The policy of 'encirclement' has collapsed. Prague will have to remember, and put into effect, its original promise to become a 'second Switzerland.' And the Soviet Union? The hypocritical rôle which the Western Powers have permitted the Bolsheviks to play (particularly at Geneva) naturally cannot last long.

No truly European community will emerge from the Geneva front—at any rate, none will emerge as long as the Soviet Union is allowed to meddle in European affairs. There was a time when Germany did not demand of any one who wanted to coöperate with her the dissolution of any pacts with Moscow. But in view of the disastrous effects of the Soviet alliance upon the attitude of Czechoslovakia, it is hardly an exaggeration to regard the system of entanglements with Moscow as the main obstacle in the path of a better understanding between the Great Powers. It has now become clear that no nation which concludes pacts with the Soviets is in a position to conduct, or to participate in, a constructive European policy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Events have shown that Soviet Russia can contribute very little toward a solution of the problem of a European balance. Indeed, the Russian 'trump card' is of very doubtful value, and even the French are beginning to admit that this is so. It is important, on the other hand, to understand that the possession of this alleged ace prevents a clear-cut line of action on the part of several European Powers. If France has permitted more than one favorable opportunity for a rapprochement with the Reich to go by, then this was partly due to a delusion that the victorious course of German justice could be halted by an alliance with the Soviets. The only thing that has been halted, however, and the only thing that will be halted, is progress toward a Franco-German understanding.

III

Particularly satisfying have been the results of friendships for which Germany has striven during the years of her rise, especially in case of the intimate and tested coöperation with Italy. In view of the former position of several Powers like Italy and Poland, it was important for Germany to have them as friends.

We do not wish to under-estimate the significance and capacity of the Anglo-French alliance; it stands before us as one of the most important European realities; but it does not disturb us in the least. For the Rome-Berlin Axis, in the two years of its existence, has proved to be of greater importance. And here is the reason: the Anglo-French alliance was designed to provide military guarantees for certain emergencies; yet the policies of the two countries are not really in harmony, especially in regard to constructive action. The Italo-German friendship, however, is the result of mutual vital interests (which were created during the Ethiopian War) and was from the beginning a practical alliance for the achievement of common and constructive aims. While the friendship between France and England will often be ineffectual, since agreement upon a decisive course of action will always be difficult, there is a real solidarity between the German and Italian partners as their achievements are based upon mutually recognized solutions.

What we desire in Europe is a closer relation between the two Axes. They must be brought into such close harmony that, working together, they can safeguard the future of Europe. That is the desire of Germany and that is the desire of Italy. The time has passed when England or France could hope to destroy the Rome-Berlin Axis. In London, and perhaps even in Paris, it has been realized that the Rome-Berlin Axis is made of the strongest material, and can stand any test. The Austrian crisis was the most obvious proof.

Great Britain, in striving to retain a leading rôle for herself, has avoided doing anything which might be interpreted as an attempt to undermine the Italo-German friendship. And while the Italian problem is more important than the German to the British, Mr. Chamberlain has seized every opportunity to give assurances that his Government also has in view an understanding with Germany. The length of the negotiations between London and Rome gives some indication of the difficulties which were encountered. In the case of Anglo-Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man talks, they may be less numerous, but they are certainly not less important, since Germany's claims to the restoration of her colonies affect England more immediately than any of the Italian demands.

Mr. Chamberlain knows the key to all European problems: he has repeatedly emphasized that it is imperative to remove the causes of dissatisfaction and thereby the danger of war. In other words, he realizes the crying need for constructive achievements. He is conducting a courageous and an admirable fight against a very stubborn part of his country's public opinion. He had to modify some of his earlier views, but, on the whole, he seems to be in a position to prevail against the Opposition. It is a struggle which severely tests his strength, and we can only hope that he will not emerge from the domestic political struggle a man in shackles.

The understanding with Italy will strengthen the British Government. It will encourage all those who have already realized that Italy's true goals are limited, just as are those of Germany, which Adolf Hitler has described as moderate. Naturally, we cannot fold our hands in our laps. We cannot even shun a violent or a dangerous struggle. The world is coming to realize that. But at a moment when our drive to rectify the injustices of Versailles is interpreted by many as though our goal were not peace but war, a symptom like the Anglo-Italian agreement is a particularly valuable proof of the true and pacific intentions of the Berlin-Rome partnership. These intentions, founded on justice and peace, are the focal point in the policy of Germany and Italy. If our policy prevails, then peace will reign in Europe, despite the war clouds which today obscure the view.

II. Lunch with Göring

By Dr. Böje Benzon

Translated from the *Berlingske Tidende*, Conservative Copenhagen Daily

During a recent trip to Germany I was invited, together with other newspapermen, to attend a hunting lunch at Göring's sumptuous *Karinhall*, named for his first wife, Karin von Fock. Upon arriving at the castle we were ushered into a vestibule which was adorned with beautiful Roman sarcophagi and several exquisite paintings by Lucas Cranach. Proceeding to the Great Hall, which ran the entire length of the castle, we saw Marshal Göring leaning against a table. He was dressed in a unique kind of sporting outfit. It consisted of high green suede boots, the front part of which reached above his knees; a dark green, sleeveless leather jacket with silver-edged elk's teeth instead of buttons (contributed by an elk which the Head Huntsman himself had shot); riding breeches of beige-colored suede, and a white shirt with an unusually wide collar and large sleeves which narrowed suddenly at the wrists. A Scots tartan tie was held in place by an enormous gold pin. In a gold embroidered belt he carried a golden hunting knife in a golden sheath. On his left breast Göring wore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the medal of the German Hunting Society: a stag with a Swastika between the antlers. The stag was of gold; the Swastika consisted of diamonds which sparkled when the Reich Hunting Master moved about.

On our way to the dining hall, we passed through several chambers and halls, all in different styles. I recall a Byzantine Room with a fountain in the center, and an impressive Viking Hall. The dining hall was Louis Quinze, with many French windows opening on a large terrace, from which one had the most glorious view over the lake. Behind each chair stood a waiter in eighteenth century hunting outfit—white boots, green velvet dress suits, lace jabots and cuffs. I was surprised to see that they did not wear wigs. In reply to my question about this, my neighbor at table, who was well informed, told me that during hunts the servants never wore wigs, which might become entangled, like Absalom's, in the branches.

The hunting lunch consisted of caviar, soup, green asparagus (a rare delicacy in Germany), venison and dessert; near each cover were four wine-glasses which were filled in succession with finer vintages than I had ever tasted before. The glasses and the china bore Göring's coat-of-arms: a mailed fist grasping an iron ring. Later, coffee and cordials were served in the Hall of Vikings.

Göring conversed animatedly with his guests. He then suggested a tour of the castle and led us through an endless row of chambers. His private gymnasium, complete with the most mod ern apparatus, attracted my attention above all else. It contained an electrical riding horse, rowing machines, punching bags, artificial sun lamps, a miniature shooting gallery and a bowling alley.

Finally, the Marshal conducted us to the top floor. In a huge room we found an artificial mountain landscape in which a miniature electrical railway had been set up. Göring told us that he did his hunting in this room when it rained. He turned to the switchboard and immediately locomotives and railway carriages rushed out of their depots and through the landscape—over bridges, around curves and through tunnels. Automobiles moved swiftly along tiny *Autobahnen*, but the climax was achieved by an airplane model on a wire which soared over hill and dale.

Before departing each of us signed the guest-book and received a hunting knife embossed with the Marshal's coat-of-arms as a souvenir.

III. Teuton Wedding

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

A GUIDE-BOOK for German couples 'who have severed their ties with Christianity and who, as true Germans, wish to marry without a priest's blessing' reveals the new liturgy and wedding rites of the 'German Faith Movement,' which believes that only a return to what are described as ancient Germanic traditions can make Germany and Germans as 'happy and strong as they should be.' The followers of the German Faith

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Movement hold that the Christian religion is not suited to the German temperament.

The 'sacred fire,' which played a big part in the ceremonies of the old Germanic tribes, figures prominently in the new marriage ceremonial of Nazi Germany, with words of Adolf Hitler and of Nietzsche recited by young men and women of the Faith Movement as part of the Liturgy. A bust of Hitler, Swastika flags and a cresset for the sacred fire, garlands and evergreens are the main decorations. The wedding party are expected to wear Nazi uniforms, or peasant costumes, or white blouses and dark skirts, or white shirts and dark trousers—thus doing away with the frivolous finery of bygone days.

The guide-book outlines different kinds of ceremonies from which the young bride can pick the one that suits her best. There are rules for open-air ceremonies, for peasant weddings and for indoor weddings, which can be simple affairs with only two torchbearers lighting the sacred flame in the cresset and a reciting chorus replacing the expensive music, or the elaborate festivities with six torchbearers, much reciting from Hitler, Nietzsche and racial poetry, and impressive music.

The booklet warns the participants in the ceremony that they must 'be careful to move solemnly and not to move as if they were marching.' Their numerous semi-military organizations have made the Nazis excellent marchers, but the German Faith Movement wants something more solemn for its wedding rites.

The booklet also stresses that under no condition must the sacred fire be lit by matches or by candles—it must be lit by the torchbearers at the beginning of the ceremony and the organizers must see to it that when the final rites are concluded and the two German national anthems have been sung, 'the sacred fire is carefully extinguished with the lid of a cooking pot.'

The bride wears a wreath of flowers as symbol of maidenhood, and as her friends chant the racial poems and music is played, the wreath is cast into the flaming cresset and she is given a new wreath of green twigs and leaves.

Throughout the ceremony the bride and groom are reminded of their duty to the nation and to Hitler. A youthful speaker stands before the flaming cresset and recites:—

Holy flame, kindred of the sun, flare upward!
You are to stand for purity and honor, showing the light to the couple in the darkness of night.
You are to inflame burning love,
Love of the homeland, of the clan, of the people.

Words from Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* point to the future:—

I want your victory and your freedom to yearn
For a child. You must build living monuments.
You must create a higher body,
A first movement,
A wheel rolling of itself. I call marriage the will of two to create one which is more than they who created it.

Woman's duty is defined in the lines:—

We, women of the people,
Mothers of the people,
We tend the holy embers of the hearthstone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We guide young blood to the light.
We preserve life
To give the coming generation holy sparks.

The bride and bridegroom exchange rings, as in the 'old-fashioned ceremonies,' before the recital of the words of the Führer, 'We see in woman the eternal mother of our people and the comrade through the life, work and battle of man.' Then the national anthems are sung, and the young couple walk out while the guests give the Nazi salute.

Extra features may be added to the ceremony. If the bridegroom belongs to a Nazi formation, his comrades, in uniform, should line the aisle between the seats for the guests, and when the couple leave they walk through the aisle under an arch of upraised arms extended in the Nazi salute.

For open-air weddings, young couples should choose 'a meadow with a memorial oak or linden tree,' while the ceremonial fire is built in a triple ring of stones arranged according to exact specifications given by the German Faith Movement.

IV. The Gestapo Cracks a 'Cell'

By V.

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

[*The following article was written by a former political prisoner in Germany.* The Editors]

THE case of Pastor Niemöller could not be hushed up; but even after his acquittal he was immediately re-arrested by the Gestapo without charge or warrant. The severities of present-day procedure of the German secret police, courts and remand prisons have come to be accepted as the normal experience by the hundreds of thousands who have endured or are now enduring prison or camp confinement in Germany.

I will describe a form of 'political' life in the Third Reich which is completely hidden from the world. In almost all the important industrial works those of workers who are not inclined slavishly to bow to dictated political dogmas which are a denial of their lifelong faith have gotten together in informal associations. For a long time they may meet informally and without touch with anyone outside their group, but the day comes when one of them gets into touch with a group belonging to one of the secret political organizations. The group of friends now becomes a 'cell' of this organization, and cautious steps are taken to discover whether a few other dependable members can be found.

After a few weeks progress will already have been made. There will be three or four cells, each of six to a dozen men, in the works. Each cell functions independently. Once a week the 'comrades' meet at the flat of the member who acts as 'cell leader.' The cell leaders meet similarly; one of them is in touch with the controlling organization. In each of the big cities there are a number of groups of this sort. Their leaders distribute the prohibited newspapers and other literature in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troduced from Switzerland or Czechoslovakia, printed or lithographed, usually primitive stuff. Newspapers and propaganda material pass from leaders to cells and thence among the workers generally.

There are, of course, other methods of spreading material. In the morning thousands of workers stream along the Sachsendamm, in Berlin, on their way to work. A motorcyclist will ride at top speed along the street and his side-car passenger will throw out bundles of leaflets. Everybody stoops to pick one up, reads it hastily as he walks on, and then, looking cautiously about him, throws it away. The readers know that in ten minutes the Gestapo will be on the scene, wildly on the lookout for anything suspicious.

In less than ten minutes cars of the S.S. (Special Guard) will rush down the street, stopping to collect the leaflets and make inquiries and then rushing on to try to catch the two intrepid motorcyclists. A little later Gestapo officials will tackle men at work in the local factories, one here and one there, to see if any of them has a copy of the leaflet still on him.

The members of the cells pay a small monthly subscription, which is passed on through a regular channel to the controlling organization. Collections are also made in almost all works, outside the cells, for the families of comrades undergoing political sentences. The payment even of insignificant sums for this purpose is a political offense punishable by at least eight months' imprisonment. The cells are often disguised as skittle clubs or the like, their subscriptions going to the organization or to prisoners' families. All their members belong to the 'voluntary' German Labor Front, as to refuse to join would make them marked men.

II

The day comes when the Gestapo manages to get one of its spies into some cell. Schmidt, one of the cell members, has had a talk with Müller, whom he knows, on politics, and Müller has expressed such disgust with the Hitler régime that Schmidt thinks the man a hopeful recruit. He offers to get him a *Rote Fahne* which will interest him. Müller is delighted. Ten minutes later he has his *Rote Fahne*—and next morning the Gestapo has his report. The hunt begins.

There is not the least hurry. Schmidt is watched for three or four days. By then it is known where he goes and whom he meets. A few more days and a cyclist is seen bringing him a parcel of papers. Now it is worth while to move. The cyclist leaves the inn or café alone; a car follows him. No great luck yet, perhaps; he may not go to his headquarters but just up several flights to his own poor home. It does not matter. In half an hour's time he is fetched down; and now they will find out everything. In five years they have mastered the technique.

The cyclist goes through his first interrogation by the 'Stapo' at the 'Alex,' the Gestapo headquarters in the Alexanderplatz. Cigarettes, a glass of water, a little friendly persuasion. Where did he get the newspapers, and where did he take them all?

He says nothing. 'Oh, but you had much better let us know; you will come to no harm. It is no use telling lies; nothing can prevent us from sending the skittle club sky-high, and everything will come out then.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The young man sticks to it; he can give no information. 'No matter! We will have another talk in the morning; it is nearly midnight.' He is taken to the dreaded police cells. All night he is bitten by bugs; in the morning there is dry bread and so-called coffee (known in the prison as 'Nigger's sweat'). But he is determined to give nothing away. At 9 A.M. he is taken up for his resumed interrogation. He is determined to tell nothing whatever.

Four hours later he sits, beaten black and blue, among the 'Stapo' officials and tells everything. If he hesitates a moment, the blows rain down mercilessly on him. So the hunt pursues its prey; one man has been arrested; a thousand will follow.

After their successful morning's interrogation of this first prisoner the Gestapo have the means of getting to work on a big scale. They knew already to whom he handed the literature and they now know from whom he got it. That afternoon these two men, on their return home, will find officials waiting for them. Their homes will already have been ransacked, and it may be that evidence has been discovered. If it has not been, it is no great matter—the men will soon 'squeal.' They are not allowed to speak to wife or children; they are whipped off at once to the 'Alex.' Now the first man has become three. Very soon the three will grow to ten, twenty, a hundred. Interrogations, resolute silence, a night's taste of the cells—and things begin to move.

First the 'Stapo' takes the man who handed the literature to the cyclist. He says how many newspapers there were; more than this he refuses to tell. He is a war-disabled man; his left leg is stiff from an operation on the knee. He is beaten on the right leg. His glasses are smashed, and he is promised a double ration of beating on the morrow. His wife will be arrested. On the morrow he still says nothing. On the day after he tells where he got the newspapers. Five men are found there, working on the distribution.

The other man, the member of the 'skittle club,' who received the newspapers from the cyclist, makes a good beginning. He is his firm's wireless expert, and, as the 'Stapo' are just putting in a new set, he is put to work on it. Everybody is genial and charming. Cigarettes and coffee over his work, with promises that he shall go free once he has 'unburdened his conscience.' Result: nicely written from top to bottom of a foolscap sheet, the names of sixty comrades in his factory who have read the papers or paid subscriptions. Sixty men—the catch is growing.

The cyclist is brought back again. He took away 300 copies and delivered 60 to the skittle club. What happened to the rest? Sooner or later out come the names of four more men who took sixty copies each. Business is humming; motors will be made ready, officials and S.S. men detailed, cells cleared; the avalanche moves on and grows as it moves. Twenty fast private cars stop a few days later outside one of the big works in Berlin and a small army of officials get out. A few words with the management, a note placed against each name in the long list, and then the men are sent for, from bench or lathe, from packing-room or from the office, bringing their hats and coats with them. They are squeezed into the cars and driven off to the Alexanderplatz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now the halls and rooms are full. Fresh cars continually come in from other works, perhaps from all over Berlin; ten men from one place, twenty from another, sixty from another. The interrogation begins at once. Everything is organized with German thoroughness, district by district, group by group. In each room the same questions: 'You have been paying subscriptions? Reading newspapers? Passing them on?'

Those who confess are placed thirty or forty together in a large room. Those who refuse go to the cells, in solitary confinement; they remain there two or three days or weeks or months; in the end they confess. At least they can have half an hour's exercise, pass to the group rooms and write to their family. So all is gradually cleared up and a group 'blown sky-high.' At one time it will be the Wilmersdorf group, at another a Charlottenburg group, or Schöneberg or Hermsdorf.

III

In May, 1936, two hundred and eighty men belonging to the 'Stettin Station' group were arrested. Most of them went through only one interrogation, and few, if any, more than three. Since June, 1936, they have seen no more of one another, except for an occasional chance moment. A few are in solitary confinement, but most are in small cells holding two prisoners—always one 'political' and one 'criminal.' Every prison at present is crowded—remand prisons, local prisons, convict prisons; only in the concentration camps is there room, for they are new and were planned on an enormous scale.

Of the two hundred and eighty 'Stettin men' certainly two hundred are so poor that they cannot take a pfennig from their unhappy families. They are starving. For it is easy to imagine, with short rations everywhere outside, what the prisoners are likely to get. Every fortnight they are given a bath—three minutes under the shower; socks are changed once a week, shirts once a fortnight. Half an hour's exercise every morning; that is all. The 'politicals' are given National Socialist literature to read, or dilapidated rubbish cast off from the convict prisons or from the works libraries of big firms. A 'political' who asked for a French grammar received this answer from *Herr Oberlehrer*, the prison schoolmaster: 'And you a political? Then you must read National Socialist books and become a good German citizen. Improve yourself! Improve yourself!'

And then begins the waiting. For weeks and months there is silence; nothing happens. Once a fortnight come censored letters from the prisoner's wife, and after many months her first visit is permitted. A careworn face, tears; a few words to give her a little confidence, spoken from the depth of hopelessness. Nothing happens. No news from the Public Prosecutor, none from anywhere. Two hundred and eighty men of the Stettin Station group spent eleven months in the remand prison before they were brought to trial.

The charges were the same in every case: preparation for high treason; intention to overthrow the State by armed force; membership of the prohibited Communist party. The charges were the same even in the cases of the defendants who had two or three times paid the equivalent of sixpence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to help to keep the families of imprisoned fellow-workmen from starving.

The 'Stettiners' were arrested in May, 1936; their sentences were pronounced in June, 1937. They came in groups of ten or fifteen men before the special Court. The public was, needless to say, excluded; even the judgment pronounced was secret. A number of the defendants asked that counsel be appointed to defend them, but very few indeed were granted this privilege; one or two had their own counsel, but the result for them was still worse. Lawyers serving as counsel had little opportunity of examining the papers in their cases, but that mattered little; there was little they could venture to do for their clients. If they had shown any sympathy with the 'offense' of helping to support the family of an imprisoned fellow-worker, they would not long have remained practicing lawyers.

The men had been waiting a year in prison, but suddenly everything became urgent. The hearings were rushed through. Each defendant was allowed a very few words for his story, and then he must make his confession. If he denied anything he had been driven to say under interrogation, he was set down for a liar and criminal. There would be nothing whatever against him in the twenty, forty, or fifty years of his life; what of it?

The men were unable to understand the pace of the proceedings. A man would begin a long speech to demonstrate to the Court that he acted from conviction and could not justly be treated as a common criminal. He would be roughly cut short: 'You are just a common criminal against the community,' the President would tell him. One man pointed out that he had stopped subscribing long ago, in 1935, but he had no witnesses in court. In any case, it made little difference; the penalty would be much the same. Those who came off best were the ones who hypocritically expressed their sorrow and declared that they now were National Socialists.

Everything was done at top speed. The Public Prosecutor was a young assistant in the judiciary, wearing the party badge and the badge of a Storm Trooper; he barked his denunciations of each defendant. Not a few of his victims were serving in the trenches when he was a babe in arms, but what of that? 'The defendant served in the war, but that was merely his duty.' The defending counsel timidly spoke a few ineffective words. One of them said: 'The Third Reich is so impregnably entrenched that my client's action in paying two marks a month for two years, whatever it was for, could not have had the slightest effect.'

Then came the sentences, generally those demanded by the Public Prosecutor, occasionally a little less. Subscriptions paid: one to two years' imprisonment. Prohibited newspaper read: one year to two years. Newspaper passed on: two to three years. Dwelling used as meeting-place: three years. Members enrolled: three to four years. Working on the newspaper: four to six years. And so on. In June, 1937, the two hundred and eighty men of the Stettin Station group were sentenced to a total of 800 years' imprisonment. And when their sentence is over, they will go on to the 'improvement' camp for reclamation. There they will be taught to think in the right, the National Socialist way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Germany's 'Drive to the East' be halted, and if so, by whom? This problem is here discussed by a French military expert and a Czech observer.

Drang Nach Osten

I. Czechoslovakia in the Pincers

By Colonel Camille Baron

Translated from the *France Militaire*, Paris Military Daily

CHANCELLOR Hitler claims that by annexing Austria, he has fulfilled a 'Divine' mission of reuniting the country where he was born to the Reich. That the Führer actually has this highly personal sentiment is natural and not to be doubted. Therefore, it is all the easier for him both to express and to impose it. But for statesmen of Hitler's caliber, sentiment is a means and not an end. The ends, the true objectives of Germanism on the march, are Trieste, Salonica and Odessa. Since it would be folly, just now, for the Reich to alienate its Italian ally, the Führer has stopped—*temporarily*—at the Brenner Pass and at Graz and seems to show no interest in Trieste. Besides, the road to Trieste passes through Yugoslav territory and an attempt to follow it might cause the two riparian lands on the Adriatic to unite against invasion. There remain Salonica, to be reached from Hungary and Yugoslavia, and Odessa, to be reached from Rumania.

Which of these two objectives will the Germans attempt to achieve first? At the present time, the choice is not of particular importance. Of greater significance, in so far as the immediate future is concerned, is the following fact: for the purposes of *Drang nach Osten*, or March toward the East, Austrian territory appears to be a point of departure that is uncomfortably narrow; it is wedged between Italy, who is bound sooner or later to perceive the acuteness of the German peril, and the Czecho-Moravian bastion. That is why a rupture of the Berlin-Rome Axis must be avoided for as long as possible by the rulers of the Reich. Therefore, it is the Bohemian stronghold that they must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remove, all the more since it is the only quick and practical way for Silesian troops to gain access into the Danubian Basin. All the reassuring declarations offered by the Führer to the Czechoslovakian Government cannot obscure this simple fact.

One must also consider the fact that the Austrian territory is very well placed to form one of the arms of the German pincers designed to crush Bohemia and Moravia, the other arm being German Silesia. From Lundenburg (northeast of Vienna) to Mittelwalde (in Silesia) the distance is less than 120 miles as the crow flies. Germany need only occupy Brunn, which is 40 miles from the Austrian frontier, and Olmütz, which is 54 miles from the Silesian frontier, to cut off Bohemia from the eastern part of Czechoslovakia.

II

Theoretically, at least, the Czechoslovak Army will have the advantage of operating on 'interior lines;' that is, it will be able to direct its principal force successively against six attacking German columns, while smaller forces will defend fortified lines against the invaders as best they can. But practically, in order to use the interior line operations successfully, it is necessary to have space. The Czechoslovakian Army will not have sufficient space. Imagine the French Army concentrated around Paris and trying to bring its interior lines to bear against German columns which have already taken Rouen, Arras, Reims, Troyes, Orleans and Chartres!

If Czechoslovakia is obliged to depend entirely upon her own forces, she will not be able to resist for more than fifteen days. She must have help if she is to defend herself successfully. Who will come to her assistance? The French Army. But how? Through Mainz, the Valley of the Main and Bamberg? Unfortunately, this line of rescue has been closed for a year by the *Hitler Stellung*, the German replica of our Maginot Line, which is held at all times by the XIIth Corps (Wiesbaden), the XXXIVth (Coblenz) and the XXXVIth (Kaiserslautern).

If we should march on Mainz, the German forces would be immediately reinforced by Corps from Münster, Cassel, Hannover and Würzburg, by the tank division from Dortmund and by formations of pursuit and fighting planes from the Münster and Kiel air commands. Besides, our adversaries would have at their disposal a dozen reserve or *Landwehr* divisions. The battle on the *Hitler Stellung* has been foreseen and is desired by the German High Command, who will hope to repeat in a new setting the Morhanges *coup* of 1914. We would have to engage an opponent who is well-prepared.

Even if we should force the *Stellung*, we will have lost a lot of time. We would lose still more in crossing the Rhine, and by the time we reached the Bohemian mountains, Czechoslovakia's fate will already have been settled. The line of prompt and efficient rescue of Prague does not pass through Mainz. But it might pass through Verona and the Brenner Pass. Czechoslovakia may easily become the second victim of the French-Italian misunderstanding.

There is one other alternative. The German occupation of Bohemia and Moravia will sound the death knell of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the non-Russified Slavonic States and of Balkan independence. Will Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Poland understand in time that their fate is bound with that of independent Czechoslovakia?

II. In the German Path

By A. B.

From the *Central European Observer*, Prague Political and Literary Fortnightly

THE appointment of Herr von Papen as the German Ambassador to Turkey indicates quite clearly the revival of the old Pan-German policy of pushing toward the Southeast. The German press itself admitted the special mission with which Herr von Papen is to be entrusted at Angora. This mission is obvious enough: it is to prepare the ground for further German penetration in the Southeastern part of Europe and in the Near East. It means the revival of the old German scheme known in the pre-War days under the slogan 'Berlin-Baghdad.' It is the old idea of the special historical mission of the German race in Europe and the Near East.

This new, yet old, orientation of German policy does not affect Czechoslovakia, France and Great Britain only. All the other Central European and Southeast European States also find their interests affected by the present tendency of German policy. But how rapidly the situation has changed! Four years ago, on the occasion of the tragic death of the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, Premier Mussolini delivered a speech in which he said: 'The independence of Austria, for which Dollfuss fell, is one of the principles which Italy has defended in the past, and one which she will courageously defend in the future.' Today Austrian independence no longer exists. Austria, in fact, with the acquiescence of Italy, has disappeared from the map of Europe altogether, and the German Reich has no longer an Eastern, *i.e.*, Ukrainian, orientation only. A Southeastern orientation has been added, and is now being pursued—an orientation which impinges directly on the vital interests of Italy, because it also falls within the frontiers of the Holy Roman Empire, that Empire which the present rulers of Germany dream of restoring.

Previous German penetrations left German minorities almost everywhere in Southeastern Europe, and therefore minority questions can everywhere be made the excuse for political interference. So it is in Yugoslavia, Rumania and, particularly, in Hungary. Indeed, Hungary may be the next object of Germany's 'friendly' interest. German soldiers stand at the borders of Hungary. No doubt this fact is making a powerful impression on present Hungarian foreign policy and on Hungarian public opinion. A good many Hungarians realize the enormous significance of the immediate proximity of the German Reich with its 75 million inhabitants.

Dejection has reigned since March 12th even among the Hungarian aristocrats who, up to the fateful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting between Hitler and Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden, seemed to approve of the Nazi creed. They have experienced a profound shock. The present development of German policy was not foreseen. Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, after his visit to Chancellor Hitler in the summer of 1936, regarded Austria as a necessary buffer State between Hungary and Germany. The incorporation of Austria in the German Reich was therefore a great shock for the highest circles in Hungary.

German soldiers on the Hungarian frontier—that means immediate neighborhood with the strongest Power in Europe. Hungary cannot conclude an *Ausgleich* with such a neighbor, as she did in the old days with Austria, without seriously endangering her national individuality and independence. Moreover, the Pan-German maps which are disseminated in Western Hungary, showing the frontiers of the Nazi Empire to be the River Tisa, are disturbing facts for a country which looks back proudly on a thousand years of history. Hungary would not be an ally of Germany, but a servant, as Count Bethlen, the sole politician in Hungary today of some vision, said after the Berchtesgaden meeting.

The direct route to Hungary from the West is now blocked by Germany. Hungary has ceased to be a country which, as the Magyars like to say, is orientated toward the West. Greater Germany has become the largest and most indispensable market for Hungarian agricultural products. This fact and that of the Reich's military power create a state of tension between Germany and Hungary such as existed between Austria and Hungary before the *Ausgleich* of 1867. But a similar solution does not exist for Hungary today. It is a fateful situation.

Until March 12, the Pact of Rome in 1934 formed the basis of the foreign policy of Hungary. That foundation has now disappeared. As is clear from Mussolini's speech, it has been sacrificed to Italy's present-day interests. Hungary has no frontier in common with Italy, and cannot expect much from her. And the fate of Austria shows where the friendship of Germany might lead.

The German thrust toward the Southeast has, in fact, become a grim reality. An attack on Czechoslovakia would mean a European war. But a 'peaceful' penetration in Hungary, like that in Austria, might be achieved without resort to war. And many Hungarians are not altogether averse to listening to the siren voices from Berlin. Italy on her Northern frontier already feels the weight of her powerful German neighbor, and her Adriatic port, Trieste, seems to be doomed. Yugoslavia, too, may soon realize the disadvantages of having Germany for a neighbor.

All in all, the German thrust Southeast is undoubtedly the greatest danger to European peace and international economic coöperation. European peace is indivisible and Germany's exaggerated armaments and aims seriously endanger that peace. These facts must be recognized, and recognized quickly, if the German *Drang* is not to plunge the world into fresh confusion, the outcome of which no one can foresee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liechtenstein, one of Hitler's minor objectives, is described by a visitor.

Visit *to* Ruritania

By GILES PLAYFAIR

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

I AM no geographer, so I cannot tell you the exact whereabouts of the Principality of Liechtenstein. It lies somewhere between Switzerland and Austria, and if you journey on the Boulogne-Vienna Express through Basel and Zurich you cannot miss it. Altogether it covers sixty-five square miles. Vaduz, the capital, is within a five minutes' taxi ride from the Swiss frontier town of Buchs, where it is best to get out. I have seen Vaduz described in the newspapers as a city; but it is really an exalted village—without a railway station. There *is* a railway station in Liechtenstein—at Schaan Vaduz, which is about five miles from the capital and right at the other end of the country—but though all the principal trains stop there I have been the only person, in my experience, who has ever got on or off.

Vaduz consists roughly of three hostelries, seven shops, a bank, a Post Office, a parliament building and a Town Hall—all conveniently set out on two sides of one street. If you stand in the middle of this thoroughfare you are in the very heart of Liechtenstein territory. Face eastward and you look up at the Alps. Face westward and you see the Rhine a few yards away, and across the Rhine you can see Switzerland clearly on the mistiest days.

The hostelries vary in price and comfort, but the most luxurious, which has sixteen bedrooms, offers *en pension* terms, inclusive of wine, for the equivalent of seven shillings. When I first stayed there the management were particularly proud of a new and up-to-date improvement: at the earnest request of an English business gentleman, who ran an international lottery from Liechtenstein, they had recently installed a bathroom—one of the finest in the State.

But besides being the Ritz of Vaduz, this hotel is also the chief place of entertainment: its assembly room serves, at different times, as the Liechtenstein Cinema and the Concert Hall of the National Orchestra. On one auspicious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occasion in 1926—according to announcements which are still plastered on every telegraph pole in the Principality—it was used for an even gayer purpose: a galaxy of distinguished cabaret artists appeared there—including 'Mister Harry, the man with two stomachs, the despair of the doctors and the wonder of both hemispheres.'

I was once fortunate enough to attend a performance of the National Orchestra. I could not help noticing the player of the big drum and percussion because he sat apart on a raised daïs and did not bother to keep time. I asked my next door neighbor who he was; and he replied quite casually: 'Oh, he's the Secretary of State for Home Affairs.'

Of course, from the point of view of the average holiday-maker, there is absolutely nothing to do in Liechtenstein. You can get your sightseeing over in one morning comfortably—a couple of castles and you are through.

The Prince's Castle is perched on a hill about five minutes' walk from Vaduz. It is rather a ramshackle edifice and it is guarded only by a professional guide, who is prepared to show you its treasures for the price of sixpence. These treasures consist for the most part of old-fashioned cannons and other out-of-date armaments—relics of former glories. Nowadays, of course, Liechtenstein has no army. The rooms in the castle are very bleak, and it is not really surprising that during the past fifty years the reigning Princes have preferred to spend most of their time in Vienna. They own a handsome palace there and that is where their Lord Chamberlain has his offices, too. I believe neither Johann, nor Francis, who succeeded him, ever stayed in Vaduz for more than one month of the year.

The other castle is at Guttenburg, near the Swiss border. It takes you an hour to reach it on foot and even then you can only gaze at it from a distance because the National Poetess lives here. And though she occasionally invites the *élite* of her countrymen to private readings of her work, she does not allow the general public to walk around her home.

Although Vaduz and the mountains above it are covered in snow from December to February, and the country has all the makings of a first-class winter sports resort, skis and skating rinks are unknown. I remember I caused quite a sensation when I dragged an old toboggan up the three-mile mountain road from Vaduz to Triesenburg.

Triesenburg, by the way, is the Trafalgar Square of Liechtenstein. That is where political demonstrations are held periodically by the opposition and occasionally the *two* Liechtenstein policemen are called out by the Government to quell disturbances! The ringleaders are arrested and they are probably put in the State Penitentiary which is actually the basement of the House of Parliament. In fact the Parliament building comprises the Legislative, Executive and Judiciary. Delinquents don't suffer much—the penal system of Liechtenstein is very humane.

I was told on good authority that the star convict is entrusted with the key of the jail; at six o'clock, or thereabouts, he lets himself out to get beer and other refreshments for his fellow prisoners. Then he returns and locks himself in again.

You can walk and climb and eat and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drink in Liechtenstein—and that is all. The food is really good and there is a lot of it. You order your meals *à la carte*, and if you fancy chicken for dinner, you get it literally—not merely a wing or a leg but the whole fowl. The wine, too, is liberally served; and though its tang is not for all tastes, it is at least lovely to look upon when it is red. As for the walks and the climbs —you must make them with discretion if you want to keep within the State boundaries.

I think the country is beautiful—though not, of course, comparable to the more spectacular parts of Austria and Switzerland. No, I cannot honestly recommend Liechtenstein to the purely pleasure-loving tourists—that is to say, to those without much imagination, who demand that every moment of their time shall be occupied. But to me the whole charm of the Principality is its atmosphere. I go there over and over again because it is small and unknown and independent—a perfect example of one of the few surviving Ruritanias.

II

I had often gazed at the Parliament building and wondered which of the several bicycles propped up against its outer wall belonged to which distinguished politician and I had longed to go inside and explore. So when I last went to Vaduz I took with me a letter of introduction to the Prime Minister. It was given me by a diplomat in London and was an extremely grand-looking document, tied up with colored cord and importantly stamped. When I got there, I thought that before I sent it I ought to make certain that the Prime Minister was actually in Liechtenstein, because it seemed to me he might have been abroad on some secret mission. So I said to the hotel landlord: 'Do you happen to know if His Excellency is in Vaduz at the present time?'

'I'm not sure,' he said, 'I'll ring him up and find out, if you like.' He talked German, by the way.

Perhaps I looked a little pained at this suggestion, because he added hastily: 'Wait, I have a better idea. The waitress who has just served you with your beer is a great friend of the Home Secretary. I saw the Home Secretary go into the café opposite a little while ago. I'll get her to fetch him.'

A few minutes later the Home Secretary appeared in person. He was an impressive, corpulent, middle-aged man dressed in a black coat and striped trousers, and he was smoking a large cigar.

'I hear you want to see me,' he said.

'Yes,' I said. 'I have a letter of introduction to His Excellency and. . . .'

'Good,' he answered. 'When would you like to see him—tomorrow? Eight, nine, ten, eleven. . . ?'

I thought eleven would be best and so it was arranged. But before I met the Prime Minister, I had a talk with a prominent Opposition back-bencher. He was a young man with wild eyes and bushy hair, and he wore a sleeveless shirt and a pair of speckled plus-fours. He told me he had lived in the United States for two years and he spoke American slang with a strong German accent.

'Was you talking with the Chief Secretary of State?' he said. I had to admit I was.

'Gee whizz,' he said, 'that guy'll be out on his ear at the next election. I'll say he will. Oh boy, oh boy!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And then he proceeded to describe graphically the plans of the Opposition, the political state of the country and so on and so forth. And he urged me to buy the two Liechtenstein newspapers—one of which is anti-Government and the other pro (both, by the way, are published from the same office at Buchs in Switzerland). He said that if I read these carefully I would get a clear idea of the position and could judge it for myself. But in the manner of the politician he would not let me argue. And if I put in an occasional interjection he brushed it aside with a 'Sez you' or a 'You're telling me.'

Obviously, I cannot tell you all his grievances but I think that at least one of them is worth repeating. You must understand that by now he had forced me willy-nilly into being a staunch supporter of the Government, and I remember observing how really magnificent the Liechtenstein roads were and asking him to agree that this was a point in favor of the Government. But he would have none of it. 'I'll say the roads are O.K.,' he snapped, 'but that's just the trouble—they're too good. These motorists drive so fast on them that they're out of Liechtenstein before they realize they've been in it.'

War Guilt—New Style

The Russians have made the word Imperialism, and the Germans the name Versailles, practically synonymous with infanticide. So we labor under such an overwhelming sense of guilt that we are always anxious to 'discuss the question.' The 'question' really consists of trying to make the Germans equally victorious in the War with ourselves. Our sense of guilt at having won the War is such that a goodly number of us are actually ready to treat the plots of Nazi agents in the mandated territories as a learned 'colonial question,' just as it has become fashionable to refer to Germany's huge self-imposed armaments burden as a 'raw materials question.' Chancellor Hitler needs only to interrupt his habitual flow of vituperation and bellicosity with some halfway moderate phrase and, presto, the press will be filled with letters pleading for understanding and moderation *on our part*.

Is it not time that we stopped presenting bills payable in peace and goodwill, for which we receive only treachery, terrorism and ballyhoo?

—Z. Rowe in the *National Review*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Leftist journalist, a Centrist Minister and a leader of the Extreme Right examine the 'state of France.'

Frenchmen Take Stock

I. Rich Frenchmen, Poor Frenchmen

By Paul Gerin

Translated from *Vendredi*, Paris Radical Weekly

ONE is so often told that 'France is a country of small and moderate fortunes.' Here is a fine formula for the politicians, who have used and abused it—sometimes stressing 'small,' sometimes 'moderate'—but always implying that they were voicing an elementary and self-evident truth. Now 'self-evident' truths in the mouths of politicians are open to suspicion. They often conceal deep-rooted errors. In this instance let us challenge the assumption and find out in whose hands the wealth of France really lies.

But first, the problem should be better defined. It cannot be denied that Frenchmen with modest incomes outnumber those with great fortunes. It is not necessary to prove this. But how is this class of men with small and moderate bank accounts represented in the general wealth of the country? Is French wealth largely in the hands of people with modest means?

This problem can be solved with the aid of the recent inheritance statistics, although allowance must be made for a margin of error since so many declarations of value in regard to inheritance are fraudulent. The heirs often appropriate cash, securities and other valuables without declaring them, and a great deal of money is transferred to the heir, from hand to hand, before the death of the donor. Houses and furniture are generally undervalued in the declarations, and, finally, capital is frequently sent abroad in order to place it beyond the clutches of the tax department. Fraud, evasion and misrepresentation, however, occur in regard to all classes of estates and doubtless in proportion to their size, so that it is reasonably safe to use the official statistics for purposes of comparison.

We shall use the figures for the year 1936, which are the latest to be analyzed and published. In that year the number of estates probated was 369,-111, of which 6,473 were shown to be completely swallowed up by debts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There remained 362,638 solvent estates; that is, 362,638 deceased persons actually left something to their heirs. The statistics do not tell us how many French citizens died without leaving anything worthy of declaration, but we know that the number of persons who died leaving estates was 270,000 less than the total number of deaths that year.

The following table shows how the estates were distributed:—

FRENCH ESTATES PROBATED IN 1936
(The average value of the franc in 1936 was 6.1 cents)

Size (in francs)	*Number*	*Total Value* (in francs)
under 500	24,654	7,136,960
500–2,000	45,544	60,375,831
2,000–10,000	119,814	694,943,061
10,000–50,000	125,314	2,813,808,086
50,000–100,000	25,245	1,711,663,401
100,000–250,000	14,349	2,185,841,326
250,000–500,000	4,510	1,554,372,990
500,000–1,000,000	1,823	1,277,011,569
1,000,000–2,000,000	909	1,271,953,753
2,000,000–5,000,000	344	1,018,111,687
5,000,000–10,000,000	99	627,268,829
10,000,000–50,000,000	30	474,762,934
more than 50,000,000	3	1,122,407,871

The total value of the 362,638 estates probated was 14,819,658,298 francs. While the statistics given above may be considered as indicative of the distribution of wealth in France, what are we to use as standards in determining which fortunes were small, which moderate, and which large? Opinions will differ, of course, but we believe that in France the limit can be reasonably placed at 100,000 francs ($6,000) for the small, and at 500,000 francs ($30,000) for the moderate fortune. The shopkeeper who retires with 100,000 francs, representing a yearly income of about 6,000 francs, or a life annuity of from eight to ten thousand francs, will leave what may safely be called a 'small' estate. The same can be said of the farmer who owns a few hectares of land with cattle and farm equipment worth thirty or forty thousand francs and perhaps a nest egg of a few thousand more francs put away. On the other hand, we would put the estates valued at more than 500,000 francs beyond the 'moderate' class.

Now let us examine the distribution of French wealth according to these three categories:—

1. 340,571 estates, that is, 93.9 per cent of the total number, were 'small,' amounting to less than 100,000 francs. They were valued at only 5,287 million francs, that is to say, at 35 per cent of the money inherited that year. It must also be noted that tiny estates of less than 10,000 francs ($600) accounted for 51.8 per cent of the total number but only 5.1 per cent of total value.

2. 18,859 estates, that is to say, 5.2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per cent of the total number, represented the 'moderate' fortunes of from 100,000 to 500,000 francs. They were valued at 3,740 million francs, or 25.2 per cent of the total.

3. The large estates of more than 500,000 francs ($30,000) numbered 3,208, or about .88 per cent of the total, but they were valued at 5,789 million francs, or 39.3 per cent of the total.

These figures show that 40 per cent of France's wealth is held by less than 1 per cent of her property owners and by one-half of 1 per cent of the population and that two-thirds of her wealth is in the hands of 6 per cent of her property owners. Small fortunes of less than 100,000 francs account for one-third of the national assets, and moderate fortunes account for one-fourth.

Millionaires who died in 1936 —less than four-tenths of 1 per cent of the total of those leaving estates— passed on 30 per cent of the total inheritance. The three greatest fortunes —.00085 per cent in number—represented twice the value of the 190,012 tiny estates of less than 10,000 francs, which were 51.8 per cent of the numerical total.

Now let us draw the moral from these statistics. Whenever a government of the Left has failed to secure a loan from the bankers or has fallen by the wayside because of a financial crisis on the Bourse, a sneering cry is raised by the financial journals: 'You see that you have not the confidence of the property owners. The little men with nest-eggs are against your policies. Don't you know that although the Frenchman may have his heart on the Left, his pocketbook is always on the Right?'

The figures we have just cited show that although the small property owners and possessors of the nest-eggs may be the numerical backbone of the savings banks, their influence in national affairs is infinitesimal when compared with that of the great magnates. They have only the left-overs. Their money is invested in the houses where they live, in land, in small savings accounts, and in petty holdings of *rentes*, bonds and stocks. Their funds are not 'active' and do not give them any real authority—any controlling voice—in the management of their country. But the 'active' fortunes of the bankers and the industrialists automatically give to their owners and their families seats in the administrative councils. It was they who erected the '*mur d'argent*,' which has thwarted liberal governments in France for so long.

'France,' said Karl Marx, 'is a financial monarchy—an oligarchy restricted to a few thousand individuals and a few hundred families.'

II. Lost Opportunities

By Paul Reynaud

Translated from a Speech to the Société des Conférences at Paris

WHAT the Germans persist in forgetting is that it was not for pleasure that we signed the Franco-Soviet Pact. The French were not at all inclined to do so. We merely obeyed a century-old law of French politics:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when a Power in the heart of Europe begins to threaten the security of France, she must seek a counterbalance in the East. Certainly we should prefer collective security; but what is left of the League of Nations today?

Should we abdicate? Should we ask forgiveness for being a democracy and having an ideal of liberty? I strongly believe the contrary. If France clings to her ideal and proclaims it, it is not in order to contest with any nation the right to have an ideal, nor to criticize the régimes which Germany and Italy have given themselves. But I have a profound conviction that the unanimity of action of those countries hides a great diversity of thought. We should remain a magnetic pole for all those who hope that some day liberty of thought, liberty of action, the right to come and go as one pleases, to develop the human personality, to create artistically otherwise than under the rule of the State and for political ends, will be restored even in those countries. If we fail to do so, we shall fail in our duty and our destiny.

Yet in the present state of Europe we cannot limit our appeal to the forces of morality; we must also increase the military power of France. I have a great respect for diplomats, but a diplomat is a gentleman who draws checks on the military account of his country. If the account is empty the checks are returned dishonored.

We know that if France had prevented the reoccupation of the Rhineland it would have meant twenty years more of peace. But France did not take a firm line. And one of the reasons why she did not was her lack of an adequate military instrument. We lost the match because we did not have that motorized army which would have made a crushing counter-attack possible. Since adopting the Army Law of 1927, we have lived on the theory of systematic defense, which is that of the passive sufferer—of a boxer who receives his opponent's blows without ever returning them.

It was Mr. Baldwin who said that the frontier of England was on the Rhine. No reasonable man could deny that the frontier of France is on the Belgian Meuse. Italy understands that if she confines herself within her frontiers she would be destroyed by enemy fleets. Therefore she has built herself an air force and a navy in order to breathe and to keep the enemy far from her frontiers.

Alas, shall we always be too late in everything? We devalued our currency too late. And too late we are trying to catch up in the military sphere. . . . It is too easy to say that our deficiency is the fault of the workers. No, no. We also are at fault, we who are responsible for the general policy of the country; there is a deficiency in intelligence and will among the *élite;* we must face the facts and get to work. . . . Just think that since the Armistice we have spent 372 billions of francs on defense —more than any other country—yet we are behind in every field of real military competition.

I would remind you that if it is true that we are considerably inferior today in the domain of industrial production, it is our fault; I mean simply that for lack of foresight and willpower we have allowed ourselves to drift. During the last war we showed that we possessed colossal industrial power. Industrial power in military matters may be divided under two heads: invention and manufacture. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to invention, the first airplane was constructed by a Frenchman; so was the first balloon, and so were the first submarine and the first tank. As far as invention is concerned we do not have to take lessons from anybody.

As to manufacture, from the very beginning of the last war, alas, our coal, our iron and the majority of our metal-works were in enemy hands. But that did not prevent us from beginning the war with 3,000 guns and manufacturing 36,000; from beginning with 3,000 machine-guns and manufacturing 300,000; from beginning with 136 airplanes and manufacturing 35,000; from beginning with no tanks at all and manufacturing 5,000. At the end of the war, the French had 3,000 planes in the air and the Germans 2,600; the French tanks numbered 2,000 and the German 84.

Moreover, we supplied arms to the Serbs and the Greeks; we alone supplied materials to the Russians and the Rumanians. The Americans fired guns and flew airplanes: every one of those guns, every one of those planes was manufactured by us, by the French! Those facts are not well known, but they give me the right to say that France is capable of tremendous efforts. What is needed now is only an awakening of our national will. We must choose between making a national effort before we are bombed and making it during a bombardment.

III. A Warning to the Right

By Charles Maurras

Translated from the *Action Française*, Paris Royalist Daily

[*Charles Maurras, the Royalist leader and editor of the reactionary* Action Française *is one of the most significant—and oldest—personalities of the French Right. An anti-Semite and a rabid Nationalist, he was once condemned to six months in prison for inciting to violence against Léon Blum. All the more interesting, then, is this warning to the French Right.* The Editors]

THERE are certain conservatives in France who fill us with revulsion. Why? Because of their stupidity. What stupidity? Their blind admiration for Hitler.

These French conservatives crawl on their bellies before him. These ex-Nationalists kowtow to him. Some of the especially brilliant ones roll in the mud, in their own filth, as it were, and they might as well cry openly, '*Heil Hitler.*' They think that by cultivating Nazi Germany and fighting the Popular Front they are safeguarding their vested interests. So it is important to make them understand that a Nazi régime, if they brought about the establishment of one in France, would fleece them much more severely than would Blum, Thorez and Stalin put together.

Have they completely forgotten the peace treaty which Germany imposed upon Rumania in 1918? And do they believe that under this treaty only the little men in Rumania were to be despoiled? Far from it, for the fatter and richer the Rumanians were, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more viciously were they robbed and kicked about by the benevolent German generals and by the even more benevolent William II.

I have included the most important paragraphs of this treaty in my book *Devant l'Allemagne eternelle*. But since books are destined to oblivion, I will repeat two passages for the benefit of those Frenchmen who have become enamored of Germany:—

> In the peace treaty which was concluded in 1918 between a victorious Germany and a defeated Rumania, the conditions imposed by the Germans were so severe that during the exchange of signatures the Rumanian delegate, Mr. Missir, broke into tears.
>
> 'What is the matter?' the German representative asked.
>
> 'What is the matter? You are forcing my country into a state of slavery,' cried Mr. Missir.
>
> 'Not at all,' the German assured him. 'The treaty which we are granting you is a treaty of friendship. You will understand that some day.'
>
> 'When?'
>
> 'You will understand it,' the German answered softly, 'when you read the treaty we have worked out for France and England. That treaty will *not* be a treaty of friendship.'

The meaning of the treaty of 'friendship' with Rumania has been clearly described by Stefan Lauzanne, to whom the Rumanian statesman Bratianu gave this account:—

> 'After we had signed the Peace Treaty of Bucharest, everything went very smoothly—for the Germans. The nation was systematically plundered: everything was taken—wheat, petroleum, coal, cattle, furniture, wagons, automobiles, agricultural equipment and telegraph poles. Entire forests were cut down for timber. The Peace Treaty of Bucharest provided for the military occupation of Rumania for as long a time as Germany desired. There was a German representative in each Rumanian Ministry, and he had supreme authority. The courts, civil as well as military, were completely under German control and the Rumanian people, of course, had to bear the entire cost of the occupation.'
>
> According to another clause of this treaty all Rumanians between fourteen and sixty could be required by the German Army to do labor service. Understand that correctly—from fourteen to sixty! The Rumanian population was forced to slave entirely for the good of the victor. This did not apply only to our disarmed soldiers. Any citizen could be pressed into service. The treaty also granted to a German company the exclusive right to exploit Rumania's oilfields for thirty years, and the company received the right to use roads, storehouses, railways, postal and telegraph service at will.

Let us make no bones about the meaning of all this. Just as chemical warfare and bombs necessarily affect the whole population and kill innocent victims—women, children and the aged—so a German peace, after such a war, would bring in its wake added horrors for all. Mr. Missir found that the 'Peace' of Bucharest meant slavery for his country, and his explanation was the only correct one. After agreeing to the German terms, Rumania was completely ransacked and her people were enslaved.

Hitler's program is basically directed toward the destruction of France. That was also the aim of Emperor William II. Let us see what were the specific war aims of this predecessor of Hitler, for they are also Hitler's long term aims toward us.

1. All French colonies, including

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even Morocco, Tunis and Algeria.

2. The annexation to Germany of the territory behind a line running from Saint-Valery-sur-Somme to Lyons—that is, more than one-fourth of France, with more than fifteen million inhabitants.

3. Ten billion gold francs.

4. A commercial treaty permitting German goods to enter France duty-free for twenty-five years.

5. No conscription in France for twenty-five years.

6. Razing of all fortifications.

The victory of 1918 saved France as well as Rumania. But the abandonment of this victory has again created all the dangers to which some Frenchmen want to blind us. We must keep our eyes wide open!

While M. de Monzie warns the Left that a wave of revolutionary insanity threatens to engulf France, we, who can hardly be accused of Leftist sympathies, must warn that there is a 'conservative' insanity which is no less suicidal. We beg our friends not to let themselves be duped. Patriotic French conservatives must see that anti-democracy and anti-Semitism are not the real issues. France must come first! France, above all!

ITALO-BRITISH ACCORD

—Boris Efimov in the *Izvestia*, Moscow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What happened when a Russian father visited his son at a remote garrison.

Semyon's Old Man

By S. Polotzki

Translated from *Literaturnii Sovremennik*
Leningrad Literary Monthly

THE old man came to the outpost from a distant kolkhoz to visit his son, who was serving in the border patrol. All during his journey—and it was a long one, halfway across the country—he had been showing to the other passengers a letter from the Commandant praising his son's good work. But when he came to the outpost, he was startled by the soldiers' gloomy faces, and could not understand their evasive answers. They took him to the Commandant, who came forward to greet him, and embraced and kissed him. The old man was touched, but did not understand. Then the Commandant told him that his son Fyodor had been killed in a skirmish with bandits.

On hearing this the old man shrank into himself, and his pink, wrinkled face became still more wrinkled. All his bustling ways seemed suddenly to drop from him. Silently he listened to the Commandant; still silent, he went out into the garden. There, he sat for a long time on a bench and looked at a birch tree, with its tender leaves touched by the first yellow of autumn. He himself began to look as fragile and sere as a fallen leaf. The soldiers asked him several times to come with them and eat—but he did not budge. In the evening, he went again to the Commandant and asked for all the details of his son's death.

Two days passed. The old man remained at the outpost. Most often he sought the company of a taciturn, pock-marked soldier, Semyon Nikandrov. Semyon used to be Fyodor's buddy. The two of them used to go on scouting trips together, and they were as close as only two men can be who are bound together by the forest, the stillness and a sense of common danger.

The old man felt that Semyon cherished Fyodor's memory, while Semyon understood better than anyone else the hopeless, incurable sorrow that gnawed at the old man's heart.

The two sat on a tree trunk that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had toppled into the river, fishing—the trembling old man, pink-faced, his bald skull encircled by a light wreath of wispy white locks; the soldier, big-bodied and thick-set. They spoke quietly, as people talk about things which are painful to discuss, but still more painful to leave unsaid.

'He was a good man,' said the soldier. 'Liked to learn things. Wanted to stay and serve another term. We often talked about it.' The old man's head jerked, but he did not say anything.

'I have no kin myself,' the soldier went on. 'No mother or father. He used to tell me a lot about you. I got an old man in the kolkhoz, he used to say. Right here we used to sit and fish, in this same spot.'

Suddenly the old man wept, with small frequent sobs.

'Don't you take on, *Papasha*,' said Semyon gruffly.

'My heart is heavy, sonny,' the old man replied. 'It's no more Fedya, then?'

'They buried him—your Fedya—on the hill early next morning with military honors. I got his rifle and his dog, because we were buddies. The dog is grieving, too; won't eat or drink.'

They both got up, as if they admitted that the fishing was only a pretext so that one could say all these things and the other listen to them. The old man put on his shoes and they started back. On the way to the outpost, they passed a hillock with a double top, as if a second little hill was put on top of the first. That was the grave-mound. A dog's low, sad whine came from it.

'She remembers, all right,' said Semyon, and carefully put his arm around the old man's shoulder. 'Come along, then, *Papasha*.'

'I am coming, sonny,' said the old man submissively.

The next day he took all his belongings to the next village, but with the Commandant's permission continued to spend all his days at the outpost. He became attached to Semyon, who spent most of his free time with him. They talked very little, as if they had lived together all their life and did not need words for understanding.

'Here you are, *Papasha*,' Semyon would say on seeing him.

'Here I am, sonny,' the old man would answer. And the two of them would go into the forest.

II

The other soldiers at first were puzzled by their relationship: 'What is he to you, anyhow, a relative?' they pestered Semyon. 'Why do you keep on calling him *Papasha*?'

'That is the way I call all old men,' Semyon would answer angrily. 'They are all fathers, as far as I am concerned.' But he himself wondered at his growing attachment to the old man.

Then he got used to it and so did the other soldiers. Every day, when the small figure of the old man appeared near the outpost garden, somebody would yell: 'Hey, Semyon, your old man is here. He is waiting.' And then Semyon would come out to his old man.

Little by little, the old man stopped asking about his dead son, just as Fyodor's dog seemed to forget about his master and to get used to the new one. Many people said that he has al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ready forgotten his grief. Only Semyon shook his head.

One day, something strange happened. The old man did not come for a whole day, and when he came in the evening—went to see the Commandant. He shifted from foot to foot before sitting down, then said gravely: 'I came to talk about my son.'

The Commandant put away his reports and leaned his head in his hand, preparing for reminiscences.

'I want to find out about my son,' the old man said. 'How is he carrying out his military duty? Maybe there are some complaints about him.'

The Commandant, who had seen many things in his lifetime, was startled. 'Complaints,' he said quietly. 'About whom?'

'About my son,' said the old man, also in a low voice, and the Commandant heard something timid and begging in his voice. 'Semyon, my son, serves here. I want to speak about him as his parent.'

And he looked at the Commandant with a strange, dim glimmer of hope in his eyes.

'I beg your pardon,' said the Commandant, more and more confused, 'but you must know, you must have been told, that your son. . . .'

He did not finish. The old man sat, with his shoulders sagging and an expression of silent resignation, as if awaiting a blow. The wisps of white hair around his skull looked like a wreath of dandelions. The Commandant pondered on the complicated ways of human sorrow and the flimsy defenses that man puts up against them. And he did not finish what he wanted to say.

'Your son,' he said instead, with difficulty, examining an ink blot on the table, 'is a good soldier. I am pleased with his work.'

The old man looked at him and smiled trustfully.

'Thank you for your kindness to us,' he said, and went away, leaving the Commandant very much puzzled.

From that day on, the old man behaved as if he had never had any other son except Semyon. His old bustling ways returned. He became bored with inactivity and even talked about going back home. He looked cheerful, and the soldiers asked among themselves: 'Does the old man know, or doesn't he? Has he really forgotten?'

Once, a somewhat blunt, outspoken young fellow named Yegor Ribakov could not stand it any longer and said to the old man, who was talking to him about his 'son:'—

'What kind of son is he to you, this Semyon? He is no more of a son than I am.'

The old man trembled, as if caught doing something wrong and did not answer. He had a pitiful, guilty look.

'He is not even related to you,' Yegor went on. 'Matters like these should be kept clear and proper. Can't be any fog about them. If he is your son, all right; if he isn't, it's no use acting as if he were. Fyodor was your son, not Semyon. Remember Fyodor?'

Such an expression of deadly sorrow came into the old man's eyes that the soldier was sorry he started anything. And suddenly it became clear to him that the old man knew and remembered everything.

III

One day a cart drove up to the headquarters. The old man was going home. The Commandant, Semyon,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more taciturn and gloomy than ever, and the old man got into it. The soldiers, who had become used to the old man, crowded around him to say goodbye, slapping him on the shoulder and wishing him a happy journey. The little cart drove away, past the maple grove which was flaming with red leaves, as if licked by tongues of flame. The old man sat silent, plunged in thought. Then there appeared the hillock with its double top. The cart went faster. 'Stop,' said the old man.

The old man climbed out and, without looking back, went to the hill. The two men and the dog watched him as he mounted hastily, his feet slipping on the wet ground. He climbed to the top and bent over the mound. Semyon and the Commandant looked the other way. When they looked back, the old man was coming down. His face was tranquil. 'Go on, sonny,' he said, climbing back into the cart.

The railway station was empty as usual. Few people ever came this way and fewer still left. Semyon carried the old man's suitcase to the platform. The old man invited the Commandant to come to visit him. Then he turned to the soldier: 'Remember, Syoma,' he said. 'Don't forget your father. Write to me often. I've got nobody else but you.'

'I will remember, *Papasha*,' answered the soldier.

'When you finish your term, come to the kolkhoz. I shall be waiting for you.'

'Expect me in two years, *Papasha*,' answered the soldier.

Then the old man, leaning close to him, muttered: 'Don't forget to look after Fedya's grave.'

The clattering train came to the station. Soon the old man's face smiled at them for the last time out of the window. An hour later he was already telling his fellow travelers how he had visited his son's outpost, what a good son he was, how highly the Commandant praised his son to him and how, in two years, his son would come back to him.

Evolution

From small beginnings mighty ends,
From calling rebel generals friends,
From being taught at public schools
To think the common people fools,
Spain bleeds, and England wildly gambles
To bribe the butcher in the shambles.

—Edgell Rickword, in the *Left Review*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

Reynaud of the Center

By Antonina Vallentin

Translated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

Paul Reynaud, the influential Minister of Justice in the Daladier Cabinet, is a politician to whom none of the customary designations seem applicable. The most contradictory adjectives suit him. He is an abstract revolutionary, a tired fanatic. With his somewhat Asiatic features and pinched eyes, Paul Reynaud resembles in moments of tranquillity a Chinese god carved in ivory. But his face is seldom tranquil—nor is it ever completely mobile. His glance alone is piercing, vivacious, agitated. He employs a roundabout approach to understand people and things more rapidly. Then he vanishes with his booty, like someone who has grabbed all he wanted. But even when his eyes blaze darkly, his eyelids, slanting upward toward his temples, remain immobile. One is unconsciously reminded of those small ironic Buddhas who seem to say: 'Nothing really matters.'

Paul Reynaud springs from a family of the Basses-Alpes and he was born high up in the French mountains. His parents moved to Paris when he was a child and so he became a Parisian. After attending the Lycée Louis le Grand, he studied law at the Sorbonne. Thus his origin and his career seem in contrast to his slightly exotic appearance.

Yet because of his unusual appearance and unusual personality, Paul Reynaud is a living contrast to the average Frenchman. One of the most striking features of this contrast is his untiring drive to explore the unknown and his yearning for travel and adventure.

After the conclusion of his studies Paul Reynaud started on a trip around the world. Instead of being satisfied with convenient cruises offering only short stops, he traveled slowly and in such a way as to come into the closest touch with foreign peoples. He used branch railways, horses, canoes, and it is obvious that he was an intelligent and acute observer.

Later on, he resumed his pilgrimages, traveling sometimes as a private citizen, sometimes on missions for the Minister of Colonies, sometimes as Member of Parliament or as lecturer. He has crossed the oceans several times in all directions, and says of himself: 'I have been in each of the five continents at least three times.' All of this he says in a manner which shows clearly that he is prepared on the shortest notice to pack

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his trunks and go just as easily to San Francisco, Sydney or Java as someone else might take a train to the suburbs.

After his return to Paris, the young globe-trotter realized that it was high time for him to take up some profession seriously. His first thought was to enter legal practice. He listened to the pleas of the great lawyers in the Palace of Justice. 'I was completely enthralled by their talent as orators and knew that I would never equal them. But when I started to make my own pleas in quite a different fashion, I realized with surprise that I was listened to just the same.'

He was listened to so closely that shortly after his admission to the bar, he was appointed General Secretary of the Paris Bar Association. His alleged lack of eloquence, or rather, his special type of eloquence, brought him to the attention of the great lawyer Henri Robert—an attention which soon led to a closer relationship when young Paul Reynaud married Robert's daughter.

THE War catapulted the young lawyer far into the world. When the Bolshevik Revolution thundered across the Asiatic continent, he was in Siberia, in the White army of Admiral Kolchak. After the War, Paul Reynaud turned to politics, following the tradition of his family. His father was *Conseiller Général*, his uncles were either Deputies or Senators. He did not strive for great oratorical effects nor for personal influence. He became a specialist, but in many different fields—in foreign policy, military problems, colonial administration, judicial and currency reform.

In the manner of all specialists, he tackled each problem without burdening himself with political considerations. He supported certain measures without paying attention to the mood of the electorate, and he committed the mistake of all specialists, namely, of favoring the right course of action too early. And like all those who think and act for themselves rather than as representatives of a party, he depended too much upon his own initiative.

The problem of reparations had not yet emerged from the early fog of fantastic figures in 1921 when Paul Reynaud realized that it would be impossible to transfer such large sums without creating a frightful confusion in world economy. He thereupon proposed a plan according to which Germany would be permitted to pay back a larger part of her Reparation debts in kind. He was among the first to see that it was in France's interest to spare Germany an economic breakdown, the inevitable consequence of which would be a desperate mood among her starving masses. But his plan was defeated in France by those who were dominated by concern for their selfish interests and who hoped to profit from the existing state of affairs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1923, immediately after the end of Germany's 'passive resistance' in the Ruhr, he advocated an understanding with Germany. Beyond the Rhine, Stresemann was desperately attempting to come to terms with the French politicians, and upon Stresemann's request, a meeting between him and Paul Reynaud was arranged. At the last moment Poincaré prevented this meeting by an energetic veto.

Reynaud once said, with the air of a man who is accustomed to stand alone: 'I have always had the eleven governments which rule France against me: the Bank of France, the Institute, the great industrial and financial trusts, the Veterans, the bondholders, etc., in short, the whole of official France.' At the time, he seemed even smaller and more than ever alone, an agile little silhouette whose contours were magnified on the bare walls of his big, whitewashed study in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

Voters do not particularly care for lone wolves, except when they are certified by success. In 1924 Paul Reynaud was defeated in his own Basses-Alpes district; but in 1928 he returned to Parliament as Deputy from a Paris constituency. His career as a Minister—and it has been a very brilliant career—in the posts of Finance, Colonies and Justice in various Cabinets—does not tie him down to any orthodox party line.

In politics, he is always the *enfant terrible* in a group of politicians who have been tempered to excessive caution by experience. The world crisis was hardly visible on the horizon when he demanded that the franc be adjusted to the devaluated currencies of other countries. His campaign threw all the parties into serious confusion. Once more Reynaud managed to have everybody against him. The bitterest opponents of his plan realized later—too late, as Paul Reynaud observes—that they had to submit to the force of facts. The shrewd ones, the intriguers, now use his old arguments without admitting it, perhaps without even knowing it. The people, but particularly the politicians, forget only too easily.

Paul Reynaud belongs to a moderate Rightist group, of which he has said smilingly that it stands for 'neither reaction nor revolution.' He has continued to surprise his friends of yesterday and to make new enemies. During the debates in the Chamber over the formation of a Cabinet of National Union, of which he was an ardent advocate, he said hopefully: 'We were five when the first vote was taken; we were sixty during the second vote, if I include myself. Soon we shall have a majority.'

André Tardieu once reproached him for taking a position that was in contrast to the platform of his party. Reynaud replied: 'In addition to logic, there are other vital facts that must be considered, even if they do not comply with the rigid concept of our theory.' This sentence expresses a part of Paul Reynaud's political credo, but only a part of it; for the key

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to this important leader's influence lies in the fact that he is ruled by an uncompromising honesty with himself. He does not change his position. If his friends or his opponents change their positions, it is not his fault.

A Day with Cedillo

By Graham Greene

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

IT WAS four hours' drive from San Luis Potosi into the brown and stony hills. The cacti pressed up along the road like a child's stick drawing of human beings, leaning in odd intimate conversations, a whole people stretching up out of sight into the hills, waiting for someone to pass.

The State of San Luis Potosi is a small capitalist pocket in Socialist Mexico, controlled by General Saturnino Cedillo. He is not officially the Governor, but there is a private telephone line between the Government offices and the General's ranch at Las Palomas; and because the General is an Indian and he is determined to give his Indians what they want, the anti-religious laws are a dead letter in San Luis. As for the President—the President can only watch and wait, with five hundred Federal troops at Las Tribas, the nearest railway station to the ranch, for the General, if driven to it, could put twenty thousand armed men into the field.

An air of mystery surrounds Las Palomas: the General doesn't seek publicity, and promises had to be given over and over again, after hours of waiting at the end of the private line in the Governor's office, that to no one in Mexico would one so much as mention a visit to the ranch. Rebellion was in the air; there were tales of an American with much money who had come dustily into town one night from Las Palomas; the oil negotiations had broken down, and the men of property spoke too optimistically of the General as President in the next six months.

The road, after passing a private passport-station set up by the General without even the excuse that it was on his own land, comes up on to the precipitous edge of the hills and curves down—so narrow it could be held against a regiment—into a great flat bowl, and in one obscure corner a few cultivated fields, some scattered white buildings in a dusty yard, a verandah where a little crowd of men waited for the General to appear, guns on their hips, the holsters and the cartridge belts beautifully worked, a decorative death. The law against carrying arms does not operate in San Luis Potosi: you can buy guns in the market for a few pesos among the potatoes and beans. A small domestic whirlwind raised a pillar of dust in the yard, and everyone stood patiently waiting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while the hours passed—waiting to get something: money, an appointment, a promise—one man had come from as far as Yucatan. A blind-from-birth boy called Tomás, with slit unreflecting pupils, felt his way from face to face, laughing at his own defect: 'Someone said, the light's gone out. I said, what's that to me?'

Then everyone stood at attention as if a national anthem had been played, and up the stairs from the little dusty yard came the General—the only man without a gun—looking except for the dark Indian face like any farmer, a good and well-worn suit and a coarse shirt and no tie, an old hat perched back from the damp bull's-forehead.

There had been stories of German officers and Fascist intrigue, but the moment you saw the General you believed they were absurd. I don't think he even knew what Fascism meant. One asked him formal questions—about Fascism and Communism and Catholicism, and what he would do if he were President and if he meant to stand, and he loosened his shirt and sweated with the intellectual strain. Every now and then he swelled out indignantly like a bull frog: he had an idea, I think, that he was being got at, teased, made fun of. He used the word *Democracia*, but you could tell he'd been taught that. You always slipped it in when people talked politics.

In his bungalow, with its hideous *art nouveau* furniture, there was a colored picture of Napoleon, but it was lying on the floor beside an alligator skin. I don't think it represented any pride or any ambition. He was aging; he had fought enough ten years ago. I think he would have been quite happy to be left alone in the State of San Luis, driving a well on his farm, irrigating his fields with canals, talking with the *campesinos* who loved him. He gave them no wages, but food and clothes and shelter, and fifty per cent of everything the farm produced, and ready cash if they asked for it and he had it. They even took the fifty chairs he bought for his little private cinema.

That was the chief trouble—ready cash. People milked him and he had to milk the State, and then there was a drought and the water system was antiquated and the Governor had no money to deal with it—and the trade unionists complained to the President. He had to get money—from the State, from capitalists—and people wanted things in return and so politics crept in. That is how I see it. And he was inclined, underneath his hospitality, to dislike the man who came bothering him with questions about Fascism and Communism. He swelled and sweated and said *Democracia*. He was happier at sunset, jolting over the stony fields in an old car, showing off the meager crops.

The dark came down on Las Palomas, the oil engine chugged and a few lights—not many—went on correctly, and the foundry rang and rang under the blackening hills. The peasants drifted in to the cook-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house and smoke went up and the dust settled. Every few hours a car arrived and more men got out with their guns and stood and waited and milled a bit boisterously on the verandah. The blind boy wandered round, roaring with laughter, feeling a stubbled chin and a holster, saying 'Juan, it's Juan.' If the General hadn't time for them that day, they'd stay the night and eat his food (two oxen had been killed in five days) and see him in the morning.

It was all rather movingly simple and, in spite of the guns, idyllic: it didn't seem to belong to the same world as the capital twelve hours away, with the Palace of Arts and the opera and the smart cabarets and the Americans buying tourist trophies. You couldn't picture this Indian or his armed *campesinos* really 'making' the capital. There was a colored picture on the wall of the young Cedillo—the innocent Indian face under a big hat seated on a horse, rifle in hand. He didn't look like a future President.

But it wasn't, I suppose, as idyllic as it seemed. The guns were nearly ready to go off. The farm gates swung open and a man waved a rifle cheerily in the headlights, and one drove back at two in the morning into a violent storm. The cacti leaped up like sentries on the mountainside against the green flapping light; the lightning stood and vibrated in the ground; and a car of officers drove by, going to Las Palomas. They bore news that the President had dismissed the General's friend, the military commandant of San Luis, and that fresh uncontaminated troops were being moved into the zone. The President—so some people believed—was trying to provoke a rash act. But one couldn't picture the stout shrewd Indian farmer sacrificing his new canal and the corn-crop and taking to the hills in middle age. The only chance, I think, is the bull-frog rage, the hot word, and among the boisterous younger men on the verandah one finger too ready on the trigger. 'Who will rid me of this pestilent ——?'

The Giant of Avallon

By L. Griffole

Translated from *Regards*, Paris Popular Front Weekly

[*This following sketch of Pierre-Étienne Flandin is an excellent example of French* j'accuse *journalism, and reveals the ill-esteem in which M. Flandin is held by the French Left.* The Editors]

PIERRE-ÉTIENNE FLANDIN is a very tall man—undoubtedly the world's tallest politician, for he towers almost 6 feet 7 inches. He believes that he is big in other respects than mere stature, but about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that there is a strong difference of opinion. M. Flandin is, in reality, little more than a shrewd business man who has always confused the interests of the State with those of the firms which he represents more or less openly. Of course, such sordid materialism, such selfishness, is not to be condemned, except among the workers, who like to see their wages keeping up with the price of meat.

It is relevant to recall a few episodes in the financial career of the 'Giant of Avallon.' From January 20, 1920, to January 16, 1921, M. Flandin was Under-Secretary of State for Air. In this capacity, he was charged with the task of liquidating enormous stocks of war materials. He went about that task in a rather peculiar way. He formed a consortium of contractors to whom he sold the materials at a ridiculously low price. Later, the consortium resold these same materials to the French War Ministries at a large profit. If we are to believe the official report of the Delthil Commission, which investigated the case, the State lost more than one billion francs through this transaction. But Pierre-Étienne Flandin gained numerous clients; men like Bréguet, Blériot, Farman and Latécoère learned the way to his law office, for what could be better for firms like these than to be represented by a lawyer who was at the same time an active and influential statesman, and whose reputation for high idealism served nicely to cloak a sharp business sense.

Flandin's interest in aviation kept pace with the interest of the aviation companies in him, and a little later he became the attorney for Air-Union, Aeropostale and almost all the big airplane companies. Then, one day, there burst a scandal—the 'Aeropostale Affair.' A typical bourgeois parliamentarian, he had used his influence to get favorable contracts for this company just as Raoul Péret once supported the Oustric bank and as Chiappe had protected Stavisky. By rights, his political career should have stopped there, but Flandin escaped because many other public figures as well as several influential newspapers, were involved. He even had the audacity to make countercharges against his accusers. These influential elements persuaded the Chamber of Deputies that the scandal had to be hushed up at all costs, and obediently the Chamber voted its confidence in the Government. Yet Jacques Doriot, the Communist Deputy who was shortly to go over to the Right, could not find words which were strong enough to describe Flandin's guilt.

Whitewashed by his colleagues, the Deputy from Yonne continued his lofty but clouded career. Here, for example, is another typical affair. On September 19, 1931, the *Matin* published a declaration by Flandin, then Minister of Finance, which was summarized by the eminent M. Sauerwein as follows: 'After explaining the causes and character of the crisis on the Bourse, M. Flandin proclaimed his faith in the stability of the pound sterling.' Two days later, on the 21st of September, the Bank

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of England went off the gold standard. It may be contended that this proves no more than Flandin's financial incompetence, but Flandin had too many connections in the British banks, in the press and in the Board of Trade to allow of this excuse. The records of the Bourse at that time reveal an unusual amount of speculation in the 1925 *rentes* that netted the operators a handsome profit when Britain abandoned gold. Finance Minister Flandin's touching statement of faith proved costly to many Frenchmen. Simply a coincidence?

AS A matter of fact, while the Giant of Avallon was Minister of Finance, many doubtful operations were carried out. M. Abel Gardey—whose present hatred of the Popular Front may have weakened his memory—at that time accused Flandin of reducing the Treasury reserve from 19 billions on March 24, 1930, to 1,900 million on March 31, 1931. And M. Gardey concluded his report with these words: 'The drainage on the Treasury is due to the ease with which the Government is permitted to draw on the State funds. Three or four billions of francs have been withdrawn for operations in which the *legal procedure has not been followed.*' Here were some of those operations: advanced to Poland, 215 million francs; to Yugoslavia, 515 million francs; to Hungary, 354 million francs. More suspicious, however, were loans of 901 million francs to the Banque d'Alsace-Lorraine and of 2,035 million francs to the Banque Nationale de Credit. These two banks, having been very badly administered, were in difficulties, and the enormous sums were advanced to them without investigation, without making any provision for the payment of interest or amortization, without bringing the loans before Parliament for ratification. A big man like Flandin can afford to do things in his own big way. Again, he advanced 4,273 million francs in cash to the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique and 1,058 millions for the company's common fund. These loans were to 'facilitate the difficult process of recuperation,' which, in plain language, meant that the loan would never be repaid. M. Flandin seems to be against borrowing and inflation only when their purpose is to benefit the masses.

The considerable sum advanced to Hungary, mentioned above, earned for M. Flandin the compliments of his English friends and the plaudits of the Rothermere papers. The operation was carried out through the agency of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, behind which stood the Schneider-Creusot interests. This was not, of course, a matter of sordid finances, but of high politics. Yet M. Gardey, head of the budget committee, warned of threatening inflation and monetary depreciation. 'The safety of the Government was threatened by such ventures,' he declared. It is true that M. Caillaux, smiling behind his monocle, approved of Flandin. He, too, knew very well the trick of mixing personal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and national affairs. When the Communist Deputy Marcel Cachin asked how much the banks and the papers got out of this in publicity and commissions, Flandin refused to answer on the ground that he could not be expected to betray official secrets.

M. Flandin's present predilection is for foreign policy. And why not? Are not the business concerns which he represents in the Parliament or in the Cabinet international in scope? And why should he not try to influence French foreign policy in the direction they desire? M. Flandin is a great hunter. When he is not shooting pheasants, he shoots grouse as a guest of British aristocrats. He has been shooting with Lords Kemsley and Camrose, proprietors of the conservative *Daily Telegraph*, and has been entertained by some highly influential British bankers. He was almost as well received at the Anglo-German Club as von Ribbentropp. And he seems to be an admirer of that great huntsman of the Third Reich, Herr Göring. While hunting with the foreign *élite*, Flandin sniffs the wind, as does his hunting dog. And the wind blows from Berlin and is full of anti-Soviet currents.

Linked as he is with Schneider-Creusot, the Credit Lyonnais, the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, the Comité des Forges and the Wendels, M. Flandin understands what is expected of him. The émigré nobles of 1789 found refuge in Turin, Coblenz, Hamburg and London. The reactionaries of today look to Rome, Berlin, Salamanca and Tokyo. But it is only fair to ask what sort of patriotism can animate the Schneiders, who were on intimate terms with Wilhelm II? Or the Wendels, of whom one sat in the French Parliament in 1914 and the other in the Reichstag? Or the Finalys, who have come from Hungary to head French finance? Their creed is that everything must be done to keep France well under the control of the '200 Families.' Flandin, who has done good work for them, understands that. That is why he supports Chamberlain's policy; that is why, since his return from Berlin, he has been a faithful echo of Dr. Goebbels, attacking Moscow, the Comintern, the Popular Front and supporting the age-old right to exploit the working masses.

We like to think of big Pierre-Étienne Flandin as a 'little boy who, sitting on the knee of his great-uncle, a seventy-year-old general, listened to fine stories:' presumably about Marshal Bazaine, who surrendered Metz rather than aid the Republican Government of National Defense (Bismarck in his day knew how to raise the Republican scare, just as the 'Red' scare is raised today); about M. Thiers, to whom Bismarck restored 120,000 captured French troops in order to shoot down the men of the Commune; about the Troyes industrialists, who, in 1871, appealed to the German War Council to chastise their striking workers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A brilliant study of the long-term prospects of Russia, China and Japan.

The Long View *in* Asia

By A. Lobanov-Rostovsky

From the *Slavonic Review*
London Political and Literary Quarterly

THERE has been much discussion as to the true reasons which induced Japan to embark on her present adventure in China. Various causes have been given: Japan, overpopulated and small in area, needs territory for the overflow of her population; as a great industrial Power, she needs raw materials for her industries, and, in addition, she is seeking control of the Chinese market, particularly for her silk exports; she is stamping out Communism in China.

These arguments may be briefly refuted. With regard to territory for colonization, she already possessed a considerable colonial empire prior to her conquest of Manchukuo in 1931. After the Russo-Japanese War, with an eye to the coming annexation of Korea, an ambitious plan was drawn up for the settlement of a million Japanese a year on the mainland of Asia. In actual fact, less than one million Japanese settled in the Japanese overseas possession in the following two decades. As for Manchuria, it has been the Chinese and not the Japanese who have flowed in to colonize it.

With regard to the second argument, it might have been valid prior to the conquest of Manchukuo, but not afterwards. In Manchuria, Japan found for her industrial needs a reserve of timber estimated at 200,000,000 tons; coal estimated in the Hsin mine alone at 600,000,000 tons and in all Manchuria and Inner Mongolia at 2,500,000,000 tons; iron deposits estimated at 1,200,000,000 tons; shale oil conservatively estimated at 350,000,000 tons; agricultural fertilizers, soda magnesium, aluminium and agricultural products such as oats, millet, kaolin and soya. These estimates, as given in the Tanaka Memorial, are said to be those of the South Manchurian Railway and of the Japanese General Staff. Whether these figures are absolutely correct or not is irrelevant. Suffice it to say that had Japan concentrated her energies on the development of Manchukuo instead of dispersing them in all her subsequent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conquests, Manchukuo to a great extent could have solved her problem with regard to the need of raw materials for her industries. Similarly, the question of controlling the Chinese market might have been solved more profitably by winning the friendship of the Chinese people and by bolstering up the growing prosperity of China, instead of plunging that country into a ruinous war and assuming the rôle of the arch-enemy of the Chinese people.

Further, it must be remembered that the misery, destruction and famine caused by this war in China not only ruins trade but also serves as an excellent breeding ground for the very Communism which Japan is purporting to fight.

That these considerations may have partially influenced the circles in Japan responsible for the present aggressive policy does not explain the main reason behind the Japanese drive. To get the complete picture, it is necessary to consider certain psychological and social abnormalities which have distorted the political outlook of the Japanese nation or, more exactly, its ruling elements. It suffices to indicate here the very special position of the Army, the survival of the feudal clan spirit, the influence of the Satsuma clan on the Navy and the Choshu clan on the Army, the warlike traditions of Japanese history, the belief in the superiority of the Yamato race over the rest of the world, coupled with a faith in its 'manifest destiny.' These, together with a loss of perspective resulting from a too rapid rise to the status of a Great Power and such other factors as the termination of the restraining power of the Genro and the appointment to command in military positions of the extremists who staged the military revolution of 1936, have resulted in the present mood of aggressive imperialism.

As in the case of pre-War Pan-Germanism, this Japanese imperialism has evolved theories and doctrines, justifying its action historically, and a school of literature remarkably outspoken as to its aims. Even leaving aside the jingoist writings of retired army and navy officers, to be found in every country, we are faced with such important and ominous pronouncements as the Tanaka Memorial of 1927, the Minami, Honjo Memorial of 1931, and the recent speeches and declarations of General Araki and Admiral Suetsugu. These declarations vary as to the ultimate goal of Japan's efforts, the more extreme ones aiming at the domination of Asia, driving the white man out of it, and even invading Europe. But they all agree that the tasks immediately ahead are: first, the conquest of China, and second, war with Soviet Russia for the control of Eastern Siberia. We may, therefore, for the time being, leave the nebulous and cosmic aims out of account, and consider as problems of immediate historical importance the double menace of Japan to China and to Russia.

II

We are now in the presence of an actual conquest of China by Japan and an avowed intention of Japan to attack Russia. There have been in recent months over 400 cases of frontier fighting between the Soviet Red Army and the Japanese forces stationed on the border of Manchukuo. More ominously, whereas the Japanese armies in China are composed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mostly of older men drawn from the reserves, the cream of the army, composed of the younger classes, is stationed in Manchukuo facing Soviet Russia. The facts imply the virtual existence of a potential state of war between the two countries. Whereas the question whether these conditions will ultimately develop into a major Russo-Japanese conflict belongs to the future, these conditions have had results in China and in Soviet Russia which may alter considerably the balance of power in Asia. First, there is a striking parallel in the change of the moral climate in both countries. That the profession of arms was in such disrepute in old China as to be classed with banditry was a testimony to the essentially peaceful nature of the civilization which centuries of power and isolation from the outside world had evolved. The stress on scholarship and the cult of moderation, as taught by Confucianism, had paved the way for an intense dislike for solving any problems of international relations by violent means. The instinctive reaction of China was not to fight Japan, but rather to set up other nations against the island empire. All the more striking is the powerful resistance put up today by the Chinese armies and nation against the Japanese invasion.

In the past, China had grown to be less and less of a nation and more and more of a loose federation of peoples held together solely by a common civilization, or, more exactly, by a common outlook on life. Hence the spirit of independence shown by the various Provinces, the deep cleavage between North and South and the facility with which provincial governors and war-lords betrayed the Central government. Today, in striking contrast, we find a nation unified in spirit, presenting a common front to the enemy; and there can be little doubt that this change was brought about by the menace of Japan.

Thus we may say that two novel elements have appeared in Chinese life within the past decade which, for lack of better words, we may qualify as militarism and nationalism. Assuming that these are not passing trends and that they are liable to be further strengthened by the increasing pressure of Japan on China, it may well be that the future destinies of Asia will be molded by them. Indeed, in projecting the growth of these trends into the future, we have to face two possibilities: Japan is victorious and conquers China, or Japan fails in her task and breaks down. In the first case China may undergo the fate of Poland; but the example of that nation shows that a nation which keeps its national spirit and civilization alive cannot be destroyed. Moreover, how much more difficult it would be for Japan to hold China than it was for the three combined mighty empires of Europe to hold a relatively smaller and weaker Poland! If, on the other hand, Japan fails in her effort to subdue China and breaks down, or—what would be tantamount to it—becomes involved with other Powers so that the struggle becomes general, the result will be the emergence of a nationally awakened China welded together by the fire of martyrdom—the perennial manifestation of the phœnix rising from its ashes.

The story of all nationalisms has been the same, be they Italian, German, Polish, Russian or even Japanese. First, a weak country oppressed or menaced by powerful neighbors; then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the national awakening and struggle against the oppressor, with the war of liberation becoming the symbol of national courage and inspiration for the patriotism of future generations; then the hour of triumph, the gradual overflow of national aspirations beyond the borders of the newly unified or liberated State; the appearance of theories of national or racial superiority, the concept of a great historic mission which leads in turn to conquests, to oppression of neighboring peoples and possibly war with other nations and once more defeat. The France of Louis XIV and Napoleon, the Russia of Catherine II and Nicholas I, Germany from Jena to 1914, Italy from Mazzini to Mussolini have all gone through, or are going through, this cycle. What would stop China from following the same path?

III

There is a widespread tendency to overlook the resiliency shown by nations after great national catastrophes. Many were those who, in the dismal years following the advent of Soviet power in Russia, in the face of civil war, terror, epidemics and famine, predicted the complete disintegration of Russia in a wave of anarchy. Similarly, many observers are today predicting the death of China and the destruction of her age-long civilization at the hands of Japan. But the record of progress shown by China in the past decade, as well as the unleashing of her national energies revealed by the present struggle, give a reasonable basis for the assumption that the end of this struggle will be followed by a period of development similar to the one witnessed in Soviet Russia under the various five-year plans, and for very much the same reasons. In the relatively improbable contingency of Japan's succeeding in transforming China into a colony, the result would be approximately the same, though in a slower and more indirect way; the story of all colonizations has revealed that the colonized nation uses to its own advantage the lessons imparted by its colonizers. There remains, however, one prerequisite for this: namely, the survival of an ardent national spirit and the urge for survival in the face of defeat. If the lessons of the present struggle are correctly read, it would appear that the Chinese people have exchanged their past Sybaritic passivity for a new dynamic energy, just as every nation has done under similar circumstances.

Turning to Soviet Russia, we may trace the appearance of similar trends under somewhat similar conditions. It is hardly possible to speak of Russian history as being pacific. But notwithstanding her many wars, the Russian people have in common with the Chinese a fundamentally non-warlike psychology. Wars were fought by Russia either in self-defense or in pursuit of a national policy such as the drive toward the sea, or the obvious rounding off of national frontiers or, again, the support of fellow Slav peoples. Such policies were dictated by the government and, with the exception of the governing bureaucracy and portions of the nobility which were inspired by patriotism and a sense of nationalism, the people at large went to war because such was the command of the Tsar. Religion and a primitive elemental sense of nationality were the nearest equivalents to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nationalism one could find in pre-War Russia. Moreover, the immensity of the country and the remoteness of the border made for a strong sense of regionalism and a lack of any hostile discrimination against one particular foreign nation. Neither Japan nor Germany were really hated during the hostilities against them in the last two wars preceding the Revolution.

All the more remarkable, therefore, is the change taking place today, ironically, within the framework of Soviet ideology. The rise of what we may term Soviet nationalism is as remarkable as the corresponding rise of Chinese nationalism. It originated in the segregation of Russia from other nations during the early period of the Revolution. Regarded with unmitigated horror by the Western nations and driven into economic and moral isolation, the Soviet Russia of the early twenties had to find support within herself for her moral and economic rehabilitation and develop a psychology of superiority, based upon her own Messianic ideology. She had to create a powerful army and also the industrial equipment which is today an essential element of military power. She had also to mobilize her national spirit. Partly for its own propaganda purposes and partly for this mobilization of spirit, the Soviet Government began instilling into the people, as the Five-Year Plan was nearing completion, a pride of achievement. The 'We and You' attitude toward capitalist nations was gradually transformed into a pride in 'Our Socialist Fatherland' and a stress on the jealousy of other nations. It will be recalled that the Japanese war menace appeared just at this time.

Here was a tangible proof of the menace of the outside world which was anxious not to allow Russia to develop peacefully at home; or at least such was the interpretation given for internal consumption. And when the rise of Hitler completed this picture on the Western border, all the elements for the rise of an exacerbated feeling of nationalism were ripe. True, this new nationalism is not Russian in the sense of glorification of the Russian nationality, but Soviet, putting more stress on the glorification of the system and of the community of races living within the Soviet border; yet that is a difference which matters little with regard to the effect this phenomenon will have on the outside world. Furthermore, the changed attitude of the Kremlin toward the Russian past—the reinstatement of Peter the Great as a national hero and, even more strikingly, that of St. Alexander Nevsky—shows that the trend is not only growing in strength but is narrowing into a more strictly Russian ideal.

Thus, if present Russia shows the rise, in an ever increasing degree, of the glorification of the military, and an appearance of a proud spirit of nationalism, both these trends may be directly credited to Japan's actions. Both in China and in Russia Japan has so far accomplished a moral revolution of tremendous significance for the future of Asia. But she has done even more; she has succeeded in bringing the two nations once more together.

IV

That the two revolutionary movements should have looked to each other for mutual support in the earlier stages of their development was easily understandable. China looked to Russia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for badly needed assistance in technical advice and war equipment, whereas Soviet Russia, after the failure of a direct Communist drive upon Western Europe, turned to Asia as a field for a flanking attack on European capitalism.

The period between 1924 and 1927 marked the high-water mark of Russian influence in China. However, the moderate wing of the Kuomintang Party not only feared the impact of Communism on the Chinese masses but held to the slogan 'China for the Chinese.' Headed by Chiang Kai-shek and the powerful financial interests of the Soong family, this group not only succeeded in driving the Russian agents out of China but for nearly a decade waged a bitter struggle against the Chinese Communists. As a result of six campaigns fought against the Chinese Communists, General Chiang Kai-shek succeeded in localizing their influence to the more remote parts of China, particularly to the upper reaches of the Yangtze. It would therefore have been logical for the Japanese, who have proclaimed as one of their major goals in China the stamping out of Communism, to have given full support to Chiang Kai-shek instead of undermining his power and then directly attacking him. Even in the earlier periods of Japanese aggression in Manchukuo and Jehol, Chiang Kai-shek was still concentrating on the struggle with Communism.

When it became apparent that Japanese aggression would not stop short of a conquest of China proper, the inevitable happened. As a result of the mysterious kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek at Sianfu in December, 1936, a compromise was reached between the Nationalist Generalissimo and the commanders of the Chinese Red Army, which eventually was transformed into the Eighth Route Army and, by one of those mysteries of Chinese politics, found itself at the opportune moment located in a position to operate on the flank of the advancing Japanese in Shansi and Shensi. The next step was just as logical: finding nothing but desultory support from the League of Nations and the Western Powers, the Nanking Government came to an agreement with Soviet Russia.

Whether the future will see a Soviet China in close union with Soviet Russia is a question which it would be dangerous to attempt to answer at this juncture; but the mere fact that the question has come within the realm of plausibility is a striking testimony to the fact that here again Japan has succeeded in achieving the exact opposite of what she had set out to do. There is little doubt that a knowledge of the Sianfu transactions between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists hastened the Japanese advance in China last July; but again it must be stated that it was Japan's earlier actions which made such a transaction possible.

Whereas there has been a notable drift of Russian population, military power and energy to Siberia under stress of the Far Eastern crisis, a reverse movement westward has been developing in China. Indeed, as a result of the Japanese advance in the lower Yangtze region, the Nanking Government has been forced to move its headquarters to Hankow and Chungking far up the river, the latter some 600 miles, as the crow flies, due west of Nanking. This evacuation of government offices, art treasures, etc.,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been followed by a movement of business and by the flow of millions of refugees. Though this is intended to be a temporary move, it remains a shift in the center of gravity of China and, as such, is due to leave some lasting effects. One of these may be surmised. So far, the bulk of modernization and industrialization of China has been confined to the treaty ports along the coast and to the region of the lower Yangtze, roughly from Hankow to Shanghai. But now the moving of the capital, as indicated, will probably bring in its wake the spread of westernization to the remoter parts of China, namely, to the enormous Province of Szechuan and its neighbors Kansu and Shensi.

In an attempt to get war supplies, the Chinese are feverishly building a highway connecting this region with Sinkiang and, beyond it, Russian Turkestan. This highway, when completed, will be to all purposes a revival of the Great Silk Road of antiquity and the Middle Ages. It has been in virtual disuse for five centuries except as a caravan trail, and its revival as a motor road would be one of the most significant developments of the modern age. Furthermore, it would mean the eventual colonization and economic development by China of the desert regions it traverses, which may be considered to be the Chinese Far West. It may be stated that by this shift in her center of gravity, China is moving, figuratively speaking, closer to Russia and Europe.

V

So far these arguments have been based on the assumption that China will survive the Japanese attack and that Russia will hold its own in the Far East. There are other hypothetical cases which also must be considered: 1. China collapses and disintegrates; 2. Russia is defeated and loses Eastern Siberia; 3. Japan is defeated; 4. The present war spreads and involves a coalition of World Powers. The first two contingencies may be linked together; for so long as a powerful Russia menaces Japan, it is highly improbable that Japan will be in a position to consolidate her conquest of China, particularly with regard to the regions bordering Siberia. Thus there would remain a region of inner China which would survive and become the starting point for ultimate liberation.

The idea that this war may lead to the complete collapse and disintegration of China is based on the idea that it represents the end of a cycle of Chinese history and that in her extreme old age China is not in a position to revitalize herself and regain a lease on life without outside help. The partisans of this theory point to the fact that in the past China has survived similar crises only through absorption of new blood coming from a virile conquering race, the Mongolian invasion of the 13th century and the Manchu conquest of 1644 being the two most outstanding examples. Hence, it is argued, the Japanese conquest would perform such a function. But this would require a period of decades, possibly centuries, and the Russian factor has to be considered.

Assuming that Russia, in her turn, meets with defeat, either at the hands of Japan alone or as a result of a combined onslaught from the West and the East, what would happen? The loss of the Trans-Baikal region and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(let us hypothetically add) of Ukraine in the West would result in the compression of Russia but not her destruction. The vitality and youthful vigor of the Russian people have not been sapped by the present Revolution; the evidences are very much to the contrary. One of the outstanding features of Russian history has been the tenacity with which the Russians have regained lost territories. The loss of Eastern Siberia would open a period of long struggle which would drain the forces of Japan and not permit her to settle down. Furthermore, the compression of Russia might make her bulge out elsewhere and she might overflow into Northwestern China, transforming that region into a battleground between the two neighboring imperialisms and once more hindering Japan in her attempt to consolidate her gains.

The possibility of other Powers becoming involved in the present struggle and the forming of some kind of a coalition against Japan, though at present relatively remote, must not be overlooked, for this has been the solution found by history in previous cases of over-expansion of one State, from the France of Louis XIV down to the Germany of the World War.

The last and perhaps less remote possibility of a Japanese defeat or breakdown, which might or might not be followed by a revolution in Japan, would naturally be welcomed in Russia, for it would remove a dangerous menace. And if revolution should follow defeat, there would open up the possibility for coöperation between the three great revolutionary movements of Asia which might lead to the increase of Soviet influence over the whole of Far Eastern Asia.

It would therefore appear to be in the better interests of Soviet Russia at present to wait and let events mature. So long as Japan does not invade Siberia proper or Outer Mongolia, and so long as the Japanese conquest, following the coastline of China, has veered off into the interior menacing the Yangtze Valley and the region of Canton, the position of Soviet Russia is not only secure but extremely profitable. Japan is spending herself in an effort which apparently she underestimated, and the chances of the great maritime Powers being involved become greater. Russia is able to play the same rôle that Japan played in the World War, when Japan at a small cost of personal expenditure reaped the benefits of a struggle which ruined her competitors and rivals.

As for Japan, whatever the outcome of the struggle, one thing is becoming apparent: there is too great a disparity between the means that Japan is able to marshal and the immensity of the goal set. It is probable, therefore, that the outcome of the present crisis will be very different from what the Japanese military leaders had conceived when they were planning their moves. If this outcome results in the strengthening of Russia's position in Asia and in the rise of a new Great Power, a unified China, modernized and strong, the present events will overshadow the World War in importance and open a new chapter in world history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plain Japanese citizens talk about the war; North China's muzzled press; a visit with China's mutilated heroes.

While China Struggles

I. Backstage in Japan

By Margit Gantenbein

Translated from the *National Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

NOT so very long ago, the Soviet Ambassador in Tokyo, who is an amateur photographer, wanted to take a few snapshots behind the scenes of a Japanese theater. He got a permit from the Japanese Ministry of the Interior and permission from the theater management. Yet, despite the innocence of his purpose, and his precautions, there was almost a 'diplomatic incident' when he attempted to take his camera backstage, for the Tokyo police were adamant in forbidding him to take any pictures and his protests were of no avail.

One does not need to be a Soviet diplomat or display a camera to realize that any attempt to look 'backstage' in war-time Japan is being prevented by all possible means. Nevertheless, it is possible from time to time to catch a glimpse of what goes on behind the outward national enthusiasm for the war in China.

A fair impression of what the common people think and feel can be gained in Japanese villages. There one fails to detect any conscious opposition to war; but one does sense a desire for peace and a complete indifference toward all the high-sounding war aims which have been announced to justify the sending of the Japanese Army to China. This makes it understandable why the Japanese Government is today conducting such an ardent 'campaign for the mobilization of the national spirit.'

This campaign is not aimed against political opposition to the war, because that is negligible, but rather against the peasant's lack of satisfactory enthusiasm. For instance, the peasant complains that it has become much more difficult to till the soil since his sons and younger brothers have been drafted for military service. He takes no stock in the argument so often advanced by Japan's political leaders, namely, that the overpopulation in Japanese agricultural communities makes expansion on the Asiatic conti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nent a crying need. The conscription of one-tenth of all able-bodied men (that is, approximately, the extent of the present mobilization in Japan) has created a severe scarcity of labor on the farms, which is gradually being recognized even in official circles. And the peasants don't like the substitute fertilizers which they have had to use since the concentration of the country's chemical industry on war materials.

Moreover, the prices of industrial goods have risen so much that the tenant farmer, who receives little more for his rice and silk than before the war, can hardly buy anything. Half of the peasant's crops still have to be given to the landowner, who in turn suffers from heavy taxation. The quarrels between the tenant farmers and the landowners have not stopped because of the War.

It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that most of the farmers in the country are very proud of the Japanese victories and are happy about the enthusiastic letters from the Front. Hardly a letter fails to bolster up the courage of those at home; the modern spiritual training of the soldiers at the Front takes care of that. But one no longer finds that attitude of blind heroism among the parents of Japanese soldiers of which Japanese legends of ancient and modern times speak so much; one does not encounter the exalted desire that son, brother or husband should fall on the field of honor or should at least not return unwounded. Today, the prayers to national, local and family deities are quite different, and the individual farmers make no bones about it.

In the Provinces, one rarely finds any feeling of hatred against China (the peasant hardly knows where it is), or the least enthusiasm for Japanese settlement in the conquered Manchurian and Chinese districts. On the contrary, it is almost a nightmare for the Japanese peasantry that hundreds of thousands of soldiers will have to stay in barracks or in the field for so many years to come. Nor do they like the idea of consolidating Japanese power over these enormous territories by means of a large-scale peasant immigration from the over-crowded Motherland. 'We have no territorial ambitions,' such peasants emphasize repeatedly and sincerely, as soon as their confidence has been won. Their testimony is quite credible.

'We ourselves could greatly improve conditions in Japan by means of agricultural and other reforms,' a few courageous ones will add. Such utterances reflect the opinions of liberal friends from the city, who condemn war and armaments not only because of the bloodshed, but mainly because the enormous costs of maintaining the military machine have once more forced the postponement of urgent social and agrarian reforms. The young reserve officer, the patriotic village teacher or the local policeman, who try to make the economic difficulties appear as mere trifles in comparison to the heroic Japanese achievements in Asia, cannot explain away these difficulties.

II

In the city, the conflicts behind the scenes are much deeper but more easily discernible. I have known many Japanese women who outwardly 'saved their face' by going through all the patriotic motions and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by making all the popular sacrifices, but who, nevertheless, admitted their aversion for war and their fear of having their husbands and sons drafted for service in China. One of them said to me: 'You may believe me when I say that most of us are of the same opinion, even the men, and it is not the worst among the young people who try to weaken their hearts with strong coffee and tea before the medical examination. If we should have to defend ourselves against aggression, we would all be willing to give up our last cent, our blood, if need be, for the Emperor, but this way. . . .'

But the young man whose hands show deep scars as souvenirs of youthful samurai duels is of a different opinion and he assured me with the utmost confidence that a large percentage of the people are with him.

'War is necessary,' he declared, 'war is beautiful, and Japan can carry out its mission only by means of bloodshed. We must act against the lukewarm supporters and against secret opponents of the war in our own midst with relentless severity. It is treason to think of economic needs and difficulties at such a moment. What would happen if we already complain today, when real sacrifices have not even begun?'

Behind the façade of Japanese policy a bitter struggle is going on in responsible circles. Everyone seems to be in favor of expansion, but counsels are divided about methods and means. These officials and economic royalists, officers and Right-wing politicians also permit foreigners occasionally to throw a glance behind the united front of war enthusiasm created by shrewd and unremitting propaganda. Here, the conflict deals with more intangible issues—with speculation about the economic and military capacity of the country, with the practical gains that can be achieved in China and with the possibility of angering England or America or provoking the Soviet Union into a more dangerous struggle. But both wings, conservative and extremist alike, preach unity and unconditional coöperation to achieve victory.

In the meanwhile, the war continues, unexpectedly long and involving unexpectedly great sacrifices. On the stage of Japanese public opinion—in the press, in the cinemas, on the platforms—the trumpets of victory sound continuously. But backstage the scene is less glorious and even grim. More and more insistent is the warning: 'We must be prepared for a long drawn-out war and when it is over we must not expect a quick return to peace or immediate material gains. We have staked everything on our present course and we must hold out at all costs.'

II. Censorship in North China

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE Japanese military authorities have issued strict and detailed instructions to the Chinese press in North China. These deal not only with what is forbidden but also with what must be published, and cover many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subjects that have little to do with the war. All information about movements of troops and so on is naturally forbidden, but the following instructions quoted from a long list are a fair example of the general tone:—

Setbacks to Japanese troops may not be published in editorials or news.

It may not be published that Japanese soldiers occupying a place are unable to preserve the peace.

It may not be published that Chinese soldiers are victorious.

It may not be published that Chinese airplanes bomb a place.

Defeats suffered by Japanese troops or things connected with them may not be published.

Emperors, their families, national heroes, heads of Governments and the Ministers of friendly nations may not be unjustly criticized and nothing disrespectful may be written about them.

Opposition to Japan, rebellion against her and insults to her or other slanders may not be published in the press (particular care has to be taken with brief criticisms, advertisements).

Foreign news telegrams may not be published if they are unfavorable to the Japanese.

It may not be published that peace does not reign, as according to wild rumors.

Financial disturbances may not be mentioned in the press.

No notice shall be taken if attempts should be made to put business men out of work, or if workmen and students should go on strike.

It may not be published if Japanese soldiers living in certain places pay less rent than was paid before, or if workmen receive lower wages, or if persons are dismissed, or if salaries are reduced, or if it is feared that there will be scarcity of food.

It may not be published if the Peace Preservation Association should not be successful.

Nothing may be published concerning alleged Japanese teaching of licentiousness, reviling in depraved language, acquiring of bad manners, or corruption of good ones.

The press must at all times be guided by the following considerations:—

That the Japanese soldiers are fighting for a very high ideal by punishing and destroying Chinese opponents and the Communists. The Japanese want to create peace in the Far East, but decidedly they do not want to be hostile to the good Chinese people. All these points have to be understood clearly by the Chinese.

That the Japanese have come with a patriotic idea, because they are good friends of the Chinese people.

That they have left Japan for the heat and cold of China without their wives and children; that they have to undergo fatigue and all kinds of hardships; that they have to march through the rain of bullets; that they throw their lives away without hesitation.

That they do all this in order to make the Chinese people and future generations happier.

That the Japanese exert themselves for the sake of liberty and that under no circumstances have the Japanese any other intentions.

That, therefore, the Chinese people must coöperate with the Japanese Army. If this sacred duty is fulfilled by our joint efforts, then we will stabilize the Far East for a hundred years to come.

The press must elaborately explain:—

That the Nanking soldiers have been repulsed wherever they have fought, because formerly Chiang spread false news.

That the Nanking Government has sold too many bonds and that it has taken up too many loans from abroad.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That the Japanese soldiers are good people and that they have pleasant manners, and that they like the Chinese.

That the Nanking soldiers have no manners, that they are bad and disorderly. Everywhere the Chinese people dislike them, because the Nanking soldiers make much trouble and disturb the peace.

That the armament and the money of the Nanking armies are insufficient.

That the Nanking soldiers have had heavy losses.

It should also be explained in detail that the conditions in Manchukuo are improving and the people there are very happy.

III. Shanghai Hospital

By Robin Hyde

From *The China Critic*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

ALTHOUGH a few months ago the lanes and alleys of Shanghai were filled with wounded soldiers, bearing their pain with the stoical patience so characteristic of them, more is heard today of the civilian refugee camps than of the wounded troops. The defenders of Chapei, the provincial lads who flocked in from wrecked villages, where often they had held out against overwhelming odds—where are they? How are these good soldiers making out? What will happen to them if they manage to survive the actual period of the war?

Shanghai's present façade of foreign commercial interests and handsome buildings means precious little real protection to the Chinese. Yet buried away here and there behind that façade are wounded Chinese soldiers —officially dead, but still very much alive as human beings (in many cases, mere children). And since they are alive, they are part of a great social problem which China must face and draw back again into the torn body of her community.

On one side of a garden, the reed and bamboo shelters typical of refugee buildings; on the other, the red-brick residence of a portly, middle-aged foreigner, big enough to hold a fair number. No sign on the outer walls indicates that this is a hospital, but one needn't cross the threshold to see plenty of its occupants, for all who can get about are outside in the garden enjoying a day of spring sunshine.

Every soldier in this hospital has lost at least one limb. Some are so mutilated that a mere white-swathed trunk moves his head wearily on his thin pillow, lying there week after week, remembering dazedly that yesterday he was young, a peasant in such and such a village, with these young blades for his friends, those old graybeards for his severe counsellors.

In the garden, which is in good order, there's no evidence of despondency. These boys (one can't call them anything else), are to have their photographs taken for a record of wounds and services, compiled 'unofficially,' of course, because officially they are dead. Some have had their pictures taken before, and enjoy it—doesn't it make them feel they are still alive, still the center of some interest?

They press round the cameramen, swinging their crutches, hopping about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on plaster-bandaged, elephantine stumps. One makes a grave appeal—certainly his picture was taken last time, but not like this, standing up! He gets his wish. Another rolls his eyes, sticks his tongue out, waves his crutches in the air, shouting with healthy, natural laughter. Such a crazy kid! He has one arm and one leg, and apparently doesn't give a rap. Another, a shy young man in a gown, arranges this garment carefully touching the ground before he will pose. To show in a photograph that one foot is gone—he can't bear it.

Afterwards, it was strange to see that though nearly all these soldiers laughed and shouted, their photographed faces came out intent and serious, as if, in the last flash before the click, the thought, 'What is to become of me? What's all this about? Who are these people?' looked out of their eyes.

At the heels of a cameraman I went into a ward decorated with two huge photographs of Chiang Kai-shek, one carefully wrapped in cellophane. These and the fluttering strings of paper Kuomintang flags are common in every ward, making the rooms like drying grounds for tiny clothes, all red and blue. Chinese nurses in white uniforms look after rows of beds very close together. Beside each is the white-enamelled tea-making outfit.

And this boy of fifteen—of course he's a hard case, one should not pity him for the terrible wound, dressed every four hours, which makes him bury his face in the pillow. He belongs to an organization. No, my lords and ladies, my Nipponese watch-hunters, he was not of the Communist Party; probably he had never heard of the 'little Red devils' in Edgar Snow's great book. Kidnapping, slave and drug gangs were beyond his young intelligence. He is just a Chinese Boy Scout, who drove an ambulance to save life, and now lies with a smashed childish body.

Upstairs, in the little wards, they try to amuse themselves and the pretty nurses try to help. On a balcony a cripple is playing a one-stringed fiddle. A soldier with a terrible swollen face, the result of a jaw wound, turns away to hide his disfigurement; but the others laugh loud enough to reassure him, and when we come back for more photographs, he is picking out a tune, trying to smile. Another, a big, one-armed fellow with 'farmer' written all over him, won't look or smile. There was a fighting look in his face, as if he wanted to say something, but couldn't form the words. Perhaps he was the northern soldier of whom I heard later—stranded without a single person who knew his dialect.

Afterwards. . . . I think of a beggar in the French Concession of Shanghai, who rolls over in the slush to show that he has no arms, no legs. And still, say his eyes, I am really a living man, I have my gnawed fragment of life, so please, great-armed one, great-legged one, intact one, won't you give me a copper?

Kunst Heil!

Two water colors painted by the Führer, of which all trace had been lost, have been miraculously recovered in Vienna. At the very last moment these invaluable mementoes were saved from being taken out of the country. —*Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curious *moeurs* in Sweden and France; the amazing rise and fall of Manaos, the ghost city far up the Amazon; and a Swiss writer's description of the tenant organization in war-time Madrid.

Miscellany

I. Getting a Drink in Sweden

By Raymond Postgate

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

RECENTLY I had to go to Sweden for the purpose of conducting a solemn sociological investigation. I have duly turned in my report, but I think I have left out of it what is most important in the daily life of the unintellectual Swede (of which there are a few), and that is—the Art of Getting a Drink in Sweden.

This art is one studied very ardently by the natives and by visiting foreigners—as ardently as it was studied in New York ten years ago, and for the same reason. The game is played in a milder and more civilized manner than it was under prohibition, and the rules do allow the drinker to win sometimes, but it is essentially the same game.

The prizes are no better than they were in New York in the Dry Age. The white, or pale yellow, liquid that Swedes drink before meals, and at most other times, is called 'snaps' and takes the place of whisky or gin. I suspect it is made of woodpulp. It tastes as if artificial silk stockings had been soaked in it, and though there are various names on the bottles it is all made by one State-controlled corporation. The only way to make it tolerable is to chase it immediately by a beer. But here the Government catches you out. You cannot get beer at all in Sweden. Class II beer, which they will sell you without shame, is actually what Americans call near-beer.

Wine you can in theory buy, but you don't. It is just as foolish as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asking for wine in an American saloon or an English pub. You'll get something, all right.

Now, for the rules of getting one of these drinks, such as they are. Firstly, for foreigners.

The game is rather like Snakes and Ladders. You think you are near home and you are suddenly sent right back to base. There *are* short cuts, but you are not likely to find them. Some highly experienced people have taken their passports to the Central Spirit Bureau and got a sort of temporary ticket, but that is neither usual nor easy. The ordinary man has to obey the rule that he cannot have a drink without eating a meal, and a Swedish meal at that. Then he may have a thimbleful of snaps; if he wants more, he must have a half thimbleful, and then no more. If he waits till three o'clock he can have another. After six o'clock, he can have still another.

But the effective method is to know a man, preferably a hotel porter or a similar official. That brings you at once within the second class: that of Natives Seeking a Drink.

A native may lawfully buy a drink, to drink himself or offer a friend (there are no saloons or pubs in Sweden, only restaurants) only if he has a drink book. A drink book is a book which entitles him to buy the amount of drink named on it in the time mentioned. Never does the amount exceed four liters a month.

II

The way of getting a drink book is this: you apply and answer a number of questions: as to your citizenship, status—if married, if a parent, and so on—ending up with the amount of drink you want. The official then questions you, particularly asking why you want to be allowed to drink. If the answers are satisfactory, he allots you so much drink.

At certain intervals, the drink book has to be renewed. If you have misbehaved—as, for example, if you have not paid your rates—it is taken away from you.

Herr Gösta Klemming, of the Telegraph Company, and a business man with the kindest heart that I have ever found in a business man, explained to me that herein lay the virtues of the system, and the reason why (it was hoped) it would shortly be imitated by all other countries. 'It enables a continuous control to be kept upon the most suspicious classes in the community—those who desire to drink,' he said.

Not all drinking, you may imagine, is done according to drink book rules. Newspapermen, of course, have the matter most efficiently and easily organized. Special allowances are made by officialdom for birthdays, celebrations and entertainments. At regular intervals, therefore, entertainments are entered up by the newspaper and the drink collected. 'We just have a foreign delegation to entertain once a month,' explained the city editor of one daily to me. 'It always consists of between 17 and 23 persons. Everything is quite simple.' Other persons know a hotel porter or a head waiter. The drinks sold in any hotel has to correspond to the meals served. But there are a good number of teetotalers who don't take a drink at all. You understand. Even more people have abstemious friends whom they persuade to take out a drink book and let them drink on it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the friendless, the unhappy man who is just a man who wants a drink? He pitches down to low levels which even New Yorkers have forgotten. The shops at Vaxholm were full of non-alcoholic liqueurs into which you were to pour raw alcohol, presumably home made. 'BENEDICTREUSE. Monk-type Liqueur. Alcohol-free,' was a label which promised the worst.

But the saddest of all signs in the shops related to a series of flat cakes, wrapped in cellophane, and surrounded by test tubes, corks and jars. The cakes were labelled *Chateau Larose*, and so on. 'Make twenty liters of gorgeous claret from Rhubarb,' said the notices. You took so much sugar and so much rhubarb—or so much apple, pumpkin, mangold wurzel, or pear (or you could even use grapes, but it was not recommended)—added to it some water, this cake and some powders. Twenty liters of the loveliest Bordeaux would result. A different cake and different powders would give Liebfraumilch. Bottles were provided, and even the labels. I copied one out; it was in English, more or less:—

Angus Georg Wilson
FINEST PORTWINE
Vintage 1848
OPORTO

II. Writing on the Wall

By Georges Tixier

Translated from *Vendredi*, Paris Radical Weekly

'THE Frenchmen of today have grown virtuous,' Godfrey told me, 'virtuous, but politically-minded. When I came to Paris for the first time, the walls of your public buildings and the subways were covered with inscriptions which were vulgar enough to make a trooper blush. My aunt Pamela, who was with me, fixed her lorgnette on those horrors and murmured: "How interesting! The French are even more depraved than I thought." What was worse, she asked for explanations! Today, it seems, the obscenities have mostly disappeared. But the political inscriptions which have taken their place would astonish my aunt Pamela as much as the others.'

I replied: 'Your aunt Pamela should not take all this so seriously. The inscriptions do not really reflect the sentiments or the interests of the general public. Most of those who go around with a piece of chalk in their hands are the aged, street urchins, men with unbalanced minds, who relieve themselves by giving voice to their obsessions. I am not speaking about the real street urchins, especially the schoolboys, who, having once savored the joy of writing on the blackboard "Napoleon (which was the nickname of the professor) is a pig," take to stealing the chalk and decorating the city's walls, at the risk of being collared by policemen, postmen, proprietors, parents and all the other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restraining elements of this tyrannical world.

'Later on, while discharging his military service, the erstwhile schoolboy will write on the walls of the barracks, or carve out on the wood of the sentry box, "To hell with the 584th Regiment! Duracuir is an old cow (Duracuir being obviously the colonel)." Upon returning to civil life, the graphomaniac will go on wandering through the city with a piece of chalk or crayon in his hand. If he is simple-minded, he will be content with repeating "Whoever reads this is a pig." Otherwise, he will give vent to a sexual or political obsession that bothers him, writing whatever he thinks will scandalize the honest bourgeois. Often our graphomaniac is a faker, a frustrated being who feels his own impotence.'

'But,' observed Godfrey, 'some of those inscriptions seem to be propaganda.'

'Certainly, there is propaganda and counter-propaganda. But don't think that one is more efficient than the other. You don't see any inscriptions saying "Long Live the Republic?" and yet France is still a republic.'

II

Godfrey and I made a little survey of the Parisian inscriptions. 'What can be the meaning,' Godfrey asked me, stopping before the Pavilion of Flowers, 'of *Vive le roti* (Long live the roast)? I have read this inscription very often and I must confess that I don't understand this culinary enthusiasm.'

'It is only a *Vive le Roi*, the slogan of the French Royalists, which has been tampered with slightly,' I explained. 'The *i* has been made into *t* and another *i* has been added. Almost all the *Rois* in France have been changed into *Rotis*. There are other variations. *Vive le Roi* can very easily become *Vive leur oie* (goose), or into "Long Live the King—of rubbernecks, gate-crashers, morons, etc." It seems that these perversions of their expressions of loyalty have completely discouraged the gangs of the Camelots du Roi, for I have noticed a sharp decrease in their wall-writing activities.

'*Vive Maurras* has also suffered. Judicious tampering has transformed it to *Navet Maurras* which means Maurras the Turnip, a sarcastic allusion to the kitchen knife story. (The Royalist leader Maurras once remarked that kitchen knives were good enough to use on Léon Blum.) You will also find *Pas Si Fort* and *Pitié Pour Frère Jacques*, which are free interpretations of the initials P.S.F. (Parti Social Français—de La Rocque's party, created after his Croix de Feu movement was outlawed) and P.P.F. (Parti Populaire Français—Jacques Doriot's nationalist faction). We shall not go into the artful but complicated process by which a *Maurras au Pouvoir* is transformed into *Vive La Rocque*.'

'Are there any inscriptions by the Left?'

'Very few. And the greater part of those you do see are fakes. The Hammer and Sickle are always crossed the wrong way. A real Communist would hardly draw those symbols the wrong way.'

'No, but you are a very complicated people, you French.'

I had to explain to Godfrey the emblem of the Francistes, which is the Roman eagle, of the Fourth Interna-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional, which is a world criss-crossed by lightning, of the National Communists, four arrows pointed toward the center, the three arrows of the Socialist Party and the French *fasces* of M. Jean Renaud.

'Ah,' said Godfrey, as we went into the subway. 'Here we have some mass inscriptions.'

Sure enough, we read on the wall:

RIOTDORIOTDORIOTDORIOTDOR
INCRAVAINCRAVAINCRAVAINCRA

We could not help wondering whether Doriot paid for this free advertising.

On the same wall the noble sentiment of 'Be good to the animals' was flatly contradicted by '*Mort aux Vaches* (down with the cops!).' Luckily, as relief from this grim propaganda, we came across a whole wall of Mickey Mouse and Professor Nimbus. 'Peek-a-boo, where are you?' said one inscription, and an impulsive hand had written underneath it: 'Here I am.' We were charmed by the ease of this metropolitan rendezvous.

After coming out of the subway, we came across an inscription which was almost effaced: 'Daladier was the assassin of Prince.'

'I don't understand,' said Godfrey. 'Who is this prince whom your Prime Minister assassinated?'

[*The allusion was to Judge Prince, who is believed to have been assassinated at the time of the Stavisky scandal, presumably because he knew too much. Wild accusations were aimed at respectable statesmen, among them ex-Premier Chautemps. The mystery surrounding Prince's death has never been cleared up.* THE EDITORS]

III. GHOST CITY OF MANAOS

From the *Latin-American World*, London Commercial Monthly

ONE thousand miles up the mighty Amazon River—a few hours by plane, or days by steamer, from Pará—lies the ghost city of Manaos, once the metropolis of the Brazilian rubber empire. Built during the last years of the nineteenth century, when Brazil had a monopoly of the world's rubber supply, Manaos was, for a few hectic years, a city of incredible wealth.

Money in Manaos flowed like the waters of the river on which it stands. The cost of living in this Babylon was so high that matches and newspapers sold for shillings and even pounds; money was no object in this playground of rubber millionaires.

The city boasted tramways before Manchester had them; an opera which rivaled, both architecturally and in the eminence of the troupes which performed there, the best in the world; private dwellings built on the scale of, and as lavishly as, castles and palaces; horses and carriages which might have been envied by the reigning monarchs of Europe. Women wore the latest fashions from Paris; their sons and daughters were sent to Europe and to America to be educated.

The social life of this fantastic city centered around the beautiful Opera House, where the greatest prima donnas and tenors in the world sang to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opulent citizens of Manaos. Boxes in this theater sold for hundreds of pounds; the jewellery in the audience would have befogged the eyes of an Indian potentate.

It was almost incredible, this city built on the edge of the jungle, whose inhabitants spent fabulous sums in bringing culture to the upper reaches of the Amazon. But its days were numbered. Two Englishmen killed Manaos.

A Mr. Farris was sent out to Brazil by the director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew with instructions to smuggle out of Brazil, against the laws of that country, a number of rubber seedlings for experimental purposes. Farris succeeded in his mission when he evaded the viligant Brazilian inspectors by stuffing two crocodile skins with the precious seedlings; but the embryo rubber trees died shortly after arriving at Kew.

Almost immediately the Director of Kew Gardens commissioned another Briton, Henry Wickham, to make a new attempt. Wickham collected the seedlings and escaped the Argus-eyed Brazilians by placing the seedlings in the moist core of some bales of wool, which he shipped to London. In order to disarm suspicion, he had sent innocent bales of wool to England for some months before making his successful bid to break through the vigilant cordon of officials.

What happened after the seedlings were successfully cultivated at Kew is history. The rubber plantations of Malay and Ceylon were started with a few of the seedlings, and within a few years Britain had broken the Brazilian rubber monopoly.

For Manaos this spelled disaster. Within a year or so, the city's rich life-blood, the export of rubber, was cut off. Manaos fell with a crash, irretrievably. The rubber kings lost their money, so that soon the city which had known no poverty was not only down but completely out.

The palatial homes of Manaos's once wealthy citizens are still there, derelict piles amid the weeds that grow where beautiful gardens flourished before. The cafés and centers of entertainment are but shadows of their earlier selves; even the rich decorations have been allowed to peel off the walls.

The Opera House, pride of Manaos, is closed, and only the memory of its past glories remains to remind the citizens of Manaos that once, not so very long ago, they had known what it was to live life to the full—one thousand miles up the Amazon!

IV. The Tenants of Madrid

By Heinz Wilhelm

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Emigré Weekly

ONE of Loyalist Spain's achievements, which has been unnoticed in the rush of military events, is a novel method of administering the thousands of apartment houses in which dwell the vast majority of Madrid's million inhabitants. Directly behind the front and often under the fire of Rebel batteries, a highly efficient and useful organization was formed in the first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days of the Civil War. This is the Tenants' Committee of Madrid, which was founded to control and administer housing. From the very beginning it was a Popular Front mass organization. The unit committee consists of from fifteen to twenty tenants, according to the size of the house. More than 60,000 such committees were formed and every house and apartment in Madrid was represented on some committee.

The total membership now exceeds half a million. All political convictions, except the Fascist, are represented. Even if only one member of a political party lives in a house, he becomes a member of his House Committee, and every party in the People's Front is represented on the Central Committee. This body sends its agents to the District Committees, and these, in turn, send delegates to the Section or House Committees, so that there an uninterrupted and live connection is maintained. While the Central Committee is always at work the District Committees hold their meetings once each month, and from time to time there are congresses of all the Madrid Committees. Three such congresses took place in 1937.

II

The Committee saw to it from the first that rent revenue was placed at the service of the tenants in a greater degree than before. In regulating the property relationships in the houses, three groups were distinguished. The properties of the Fascist landlords who fled were expropriated. Their houses are now under the jurisdiction of an authority which was created to take over such properties, collect rents from them and administer them. The remaining big landlords and real estate companies were placed under supervision, as result of which there were considerable reductions in rents, amounting sometimes to as much as 50 per cent. The small landlord, on the other hand, is well protected. These small owners belong to a Real Estate Chamber of Commerce, an institution which was created by the Popular Front Government for the protection of private property. Today, tenants and small landlords are on excellent terms with each other. In the midst of terrible destruction, the tenant committees by direct administration of rent revenue were able to improve the houses and apartments considerably, especially in sanitary respects.

A campaign of vaccination against typhoid and smallpox was successfully carried through with the assistance of the Red Cross. Numerous medical clinics were established, at which tenants and their children can obtain free treatment. Inhabitants of ramshackle or unsanitary buildings were rehoused in dwellings and apartments abandoned by the rich. The Central Committee also arranged the evacuation of districts which were more or less regularly under fire. It took unbelievable effort to get long-settled families to leave the immediate vicinity of the trenches or dangerous streets. The Committee, however, also had to deal with cases where the people resisted evacuation solely for sinister purposes, and guarding against an uprising of the 'Fifth Column' in Madrid became an important part of its work.

Whenever the authorities find it necessary to give instructions to the population about any matter what-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soever, they now turn naturally to the Tenants' Committee in order to have the necessary steps carried out quickly and vigorously. For example, when the People's Front Government first issued ration cards, the system of distribution functioned very badly. The Central Tenants' Committee offered its services and reorganized the distribution so that hundreds of thousands of cards less had to be printed, while everyone got his due. During the first hard winter, when the *milicianos* were ill-protected against the cold, the Tenants' Committee came to their rescue. It organized a house-to-house collection of suitable clothing, and the *milicianos* in the trenches were soon warmly clad. Since that time different kinds of collections have often been undertaken by the Tenants' Committee in coöperation with the Red Cross.

The work of this vigorous and efficient Popular Front organization in helping to administer war-torn Madrid makes a vivid impression upon all visitors.

A Frank Dictator

We must show the people that happiness cannot be found in our artificial modern life; they must seek it in individual adaptations to their environment; I know that the poor can never make themselves completely happy. For the solution of the problem I have just stated, I rely on the reduction of education, a careful selection of what is to be taught, the protection of the country districts from evil influences and the depopulation of the towns. . . . In the newspapers I often read this pitiful sentence: 'The people must be taught to read,' and I say to myself, 'What shall they read?' It is education and undesirable literature, these are our enemies.

—Premier Oliveira Salazar of Portugal

[*Although 50 per cent of Portugal's population is illiterate, Dr. Salazar is putting his 'solution' into practice by restricting admission to schools, discontinuing popular lectures at Lisbon University and reducing the appropriation for education to 5 per cent of the budget.* The Editors]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Non-Smoking Alliance

The Pipe of Peace, it appears, is shunned (in more senses than one) by the men who menace the peace of the world. The heads of the Berlin-Rome alliance are both, in fact, non-smokers. Hitler, indeed, detests tobacco so much that he cannot bear anybody near him smoking. In this, too, he follows the Napoleonic path. Although a snuff-taker, Napoleon loathed tobacco and was revolted by the tobacco smoke of his pipe-puffing marshals.

Ranged against the non-smoking dictators are the heavily smoking democratic statesmen. Mr. Chamberlain, like the rest of his Cabinet, is fond of a smoke. M. Blum, the French ex-Premier, was the cigarette-smoking chief of a Cabinet of cigarette-smokers. Premier Daladier is an immoderate cigarette smoker and rolls his own. Far away in the White House Mr. Roosevelt puffs at his cigarette, and in the Kremlin Stalin smokes his curly pipe and hopes for peace. Pacific policies and tobacco apparently go together. In that happier, more hopeful age both M. Briand and Herr Stresemann were heavy smokers, as was Mr. Baldwin with his pipe and Mr. Eden with his cigarette. But now that non-smoking dictators are in the saddle it seems the Pipe of Peace is shattered. Well might Robert Louis Stevenson confess he trusted no man who did not smoke!

—Lucio in the *Manchester Guardian*

Lady Astor's *Gaffe*

Amongst the things that would have been better put differently, I recommend Lady Astor's recent remark that the Italian population had persistently declined 'in spite of the vigorous efforts of Mussolini and the Pope.'

—'Critic' in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Non-Intervention

Between March 10 and April 9 the Italian air forces in Spain made 5,246 flights with a total of 10,898 hours flying time; on the Northern Spanish front they dropped 865,420 kilograms of explosives. Since the beginning of the Civil War aviators of the Italian Legion have shot down 538 enemy planes.

—Semi-official Italian dispatch

Taming a Samurai

While the Eighth Route Army was trying to convince the Japanese that, contrary to rumor, Chinese soldiers do take prisoners, by treating wounded Japanese well and sending some of them back to their own lines as emissaries, the Eighth landed a big fish—outsize in every sense of the word. He was a Japanese officer who belied his petit racial tradition, for he stood taller than the average Chinese. Again unlike the average Japanese, he was really anxious to wipe out the disgrace of capture by committing hara-kiri. When this simple exit was denied him he did his honest best to provoke the Chinese into murdering him. Attacking and abusing those who brought him food was his pastime, until, tired both of his assaults and his ambition to die gloriously, a couple of rough-and-ready soldiers told him what would happen if he tried it again. He wouldn't be shot—he would be publicly and shamefully spanked. After this he made a passable prisoner.

—Robin Hyde in the *China Critic*, Shanghai

Theirs Not to Reason Why

I cannot too often express the appreciation and gratitude I feel to organizations of labor and trade unions. I wish I could say as much for the Parliamentary Labour Party. That Party does not support the Government's rearmament policy because it does not support its foreign policy. If security is our object, it does not matter what our foreign policy is.

—Sir Thomas Inskip quoted in *Birmingham Post*

M. Daladier's Delusion

The French Premier has a reputation for steadfast loyalty in his personal friendships.

This devotion is illustrated by the following story which has reached me from Paris. It is said that M. Daladier was recently grieved to receive a letter from a schoolmate who had long been in an insane asylum.

'I am quite cured now,' the patient wrote. 'Yet these doctors will not let me out. So do something for me, Edouard, *je t'en prie*.'

Learning that the case was hopeless, M. Daladier called at the institution and had a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brief and soothing talk with his boyhood friend. As he left, the matron herself escorted him to the gate.

'The poor fellow is full of delusions,' she remarked. 'One day he is the Pope, and the next President Lebrun. By the way, did you hear him call you *M. le Ministre?*'

'But I am a Minister,' the visitor assured her.

'*Mon Dieu*, you too,' said the matron pityingly. 'So it is *au revoir.*'

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Fired

We of Greater Germany know very well how to deal with the Czechs. We do not need any English moralizing. Let Europe's old English governess go take a walk in Hyde Park.

—*National Sozialistische Rheinfront*, Düsseldorf

Imperialism

David Niven, the Hollywood screen actor, was formerly an officer in a crack English regiment. On a recent trip to England, he visited the Officer's Mess. An elderly colonel approached him and asked: 'Are you not the Lieutenant Niven, whom I once met in Malta? Where have you been all the time?' 'In California, Colonel!' 'Really?' replied the colonel with surprise, 'I didn't know we had a base there.'

—*Weltwoche*, Zurich

Definition

Fascism gives birth to a radiation of perpetual vitality; it is a fountain of irresistible attraction. It is the dynamo of a stupendous civilization, the fulcrum of the people of tomorrow. It has no need of propaganda committees nor of secret emissaries. It marches, it expands, it conquers by the driving imperative of fate. Powerful and uncontrollable, like the essential and primitive forces of nature, it smashes the bulwarks of the old order and creates the history of a new century.

—Giuseppe Villaroel in *Regime Fascista*, Cremona

Strictly Personal Opinion

Personally, I do not think that there is any likelihood of war being imminent, or otherwise, in this blessed England of ours.

—*Moderna*

Prizeworthy Metaphor

Meanwhile bureaucracy is spread-eagled on the horns of a rudderless dilemma, rushing hither, thither and whither, and leaving no stone unturned in a desperate effort to find green pastures in the valley of the moon.

—*Aberdeen Press and Journal*

Need for Haste

'Do you know why Il Duce has announced a visit to Trieste?' the citizens of Trieste ask each other. 'It is because he wants to get here before Hitler does.'

—*Vendredi*, Paris

The Admirable Aryan

Professional Aryan, versed in all types of business, seeks up-to-date occupation.

—Advertisement in the *Neue Wiener Journal*

Where Fiction Is Prized

Several well-known novelists are to be sent to Italy and Germany to tell those nations of the true Japan, and to bring back to Japan an account of the true Germany and Italy.

—*Japanese Chronicle*, Kobe

Strain on the Buttons

Göring has a fine head; that he is so fat that he seems to have difficulty in bringing his hands together when clapping is due to war-wounds, not to self-indulgence.

—Major Yeats-Brown, in the *Observer*, London

The Führer Corrected

To Dr. Goebbels, as Minister of Propaganda, fell the duty of revising the text of Herr Hitler's Reichstag speech for publication in German newspapers. He took advantage of this task to make an alteration worthy of note.

In the original version as spoken by Herr Hitler and issued by the German official news agency, the Führer referred to allegations 'that I have lost my voice and our sly Goebbels has been looking round for someone to imitate it.'

In Dr. Goebbels's revised version the word 'sly' (*schlau*) has been replaced by '*umsichtig.*' As published in the German press, the sentence reads 'the circumspect Dr. Goebbels.' Obviously Dr. Goebbels had also objected to being deprived of his title.

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The German Film Academy

By Dr. Adolf Hübl

From the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*

EVERYONE who is rumored to have some connection with the motion picture industry is constantly confronted with the question: 'Can you tell me how to get into the movies? I am told that I have talent, but I don't know to whom to turn for advice.'

If an evasive answer is given to such a hopeful inquiry, one is immediately accused of being one of the archangels with flaming swords who protect the paradise of the lucrative film profession against outsiders. If one inquires of the young hopeful: 'What can you do? What talent do you possess that would be useful to the movies?' one is immediately very unpopular. Perhaps the young man has discovered that he hasn't enough talent to become a good painter, but thinks it would be easy to become a second Walt Disney. Another thinks he is a born film author who merely lacks 'pull' to get ahead. That he knows nothing more about motion pictures than what he has seen on the screen does not appear to worry him. We had better not mention the many pretty girls who feel that, if given a chance, they could become second Greta Garbos.

If, in these and similar cases, one pointed to the necessity of professional training, even if ability were assumed, the question nearly always arose as to where such training could be obtained. That question was hard to answer. Certain schools existed here and there for the purpose of a hasty course of instruction in certain of the motion picture professions, but one great and comprehensive institute was lacking. Lectures were usually confined to theory, æsthetics and similar subjects, and really did very little in the way of preparing the candidates to practice some branch of the profession.

For the benefit of those who want to enter the motion picture profession, and to aid the profession itself, a German Film Academy has recently been founded in a suburb of Berlin. A splendid plant is now being erected in Babelsberg—the motion picture capital—as a State institute for training and research. Henceforth, all those seriously interested in motion pictures as a profession will be referred to the Academy. And whoever has passed its systematic schedule of instruction can have well founded hopes of realizing his ambitions.

The opening of the German Motion Picture Academy will put an end to the wide-spread misconception that all that is necessary to get into motion pictures is through influence and wire-pulling; on the contrary, training and ability alone will count.

In his speech at the opening of the Academy, Dr. Goebbels emphasized that 'more is achieved in art by ability than by wishful thinking.' Motion pictures were at last officially recognized as an art. In the future, anyone who desires to enter this profession must prepare himself or herself by a period of serious study. The German Motion Picture Academy will comprise three main sections: artistic, technical and commercial. According to the previous experience and the field chosen, the training will last from one and a half to four years.

The Art Faculty will prepare candidates for eleven professions: actors for both stage and screen, film musicians, make-up experts, scenic architects, costume and trick designers, draftsmen, directors, authors, scenarists and composers. The Technical Faculty will train for thirteen professions: cameramen, camera technicians, sound and light engineers, motion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture operators and projection mechanics, film technicians, cartoon draughtsmen, technical inspectors, special construction technicians, etc.

The Commercial Faculty will train for eight more allied professions: producers, managers, lawyers (for motion picture contract and patent law are extremely complicated) publicity experts, press representatives, managers of motion picture houses, producers of publicity films and salesmen.

Probably few persons are aware that there are no less than thirty-two major motion picture professions. As to the subordinate lines, such as carpenters, paper hangers, electricians, stenographers and accountants, their training does not appear in the schedule of the Academy since no special knowledge of the film industry is required of them.

Most screen lovers will be surprised to learn that the curriculum of the Academy comprises no less than 274 topics. Of these only eleven will deal with general educational subjects like politics, *Weltanschaung* and art. More than a dozen courses deal with the history of motion pictures. Almost as many courses will concentrate on cultural films, newsreels, 16-millimeter films, moving pictures aboard ship, the preservation of films and statistics.

Any one who is accepted for training to become a motion picture actor must attend courses in more than sixty different subjects during his four semesters of study; he has to undergo about ten different kinds of physical training; and, apart from his regular schedule, he must work in the laboratory studios which produce experimental films. It is a very comprehensive educational program. Some of the topics are as follows: literary history, cultural history, folklore, music, expression and movement, elocution, make-up, history of the dance, masque-designing, period fashions and costumes, properties, etc., etc. Physical training includes fencing, ballroom and stage dancing, horseback riding, gymnastics and breathing technique. In addition, considerable attention is devoted to languages, singing, etc.

The schedule for most of the other film professions is similarly comprehensive And for some fields, a considerable amount of previous training is necessary; to enter the economic fields, for instance, one must present a diploma from a professional business school. All the Faculties will require a large amount of practical work and the staff will be composed of instructors who have had practical experience. The experimental laboratories of the Academy will serve as an introduction into practical motion picture work, and the facilities of the great *UFA* studios will be at the disposal of the Academy. Not only students, but also outsiders who are already active in some film profession and who wish to do research or get some particular kind of training, will be admitted to the laboratory courses.

Along with his application for admission to the Academy, the candidate must submit proof that he is of Aryan descent and that he is in full possession of civil rights. It is also necessary to present a brief biography and a description of party and organizational affiliations. Sometime later a special vocational guidance bureau examines the applicant personally to determine his promise and suitability, and it may advise him to undergo some sort of special preliminary training. The successful applicant becomes a probationary student. After three months' study he must undergo an examination, upon the results of which will be determined his acceptance or rejection by the Academy. At the end of the course, if he succeeds in passing a thorough examination, he will receive his diploma.

The Academy's dormitories will accommodate one hundred resident students for a very low boarding fee. The tuition charge for the four semester course is 2,500 Marks (approximately $1,000). The figure may appear large, but in view of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extraordinary opportunities offered by the Academy it is not regarded as excessive. But while students of ordinary talent will be obliged to pay, the needy aspirant who shows that he possesses unusual promise will be given scholarship standing and exempted from paying all fees.

Split in the Royal Academy

By Jan Gordon

From the *Observer*, London

AGAIN the Royal Academy opens in a storm of controversy, and again a Royal Academician has resigned in a gesture of protest. Augustus John is withdrawing because a portrait by Percy Wyndham Lewis has been rejected. In similar circumstances Constable, concerning one of his own works, agreed heartily, 'They have rejected the horrid green thing, let it go.'

If we judge only by precedent the protestants have not a leg to stand on; yet the fact that controversy continues to break out is ominous. John was the only member left in the Academy of the three important painters, John, Sickert and Steer, chosen to represent contemporary effort at the great national exhibition of British painting in Paris.

What are the facts in the present case? Mr. P. Wyndham Lewis is an author of admitted interest and a painter most highly esteemed in progressive circles. He must not be confused, as was done, I understand, by a prominent Academician, with Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, one of Britain's most brilliant humorists. For twenty-five years P. Wyndham Lewis has been a violent critic of the Royal Academy, and in his recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, showed a portrait with a challenge to 'Messieurs of the Royal Academy' to do better.

He then sent in a portrait to the Academy which was, apparently, rejected without a single vote in its favor, but also, apparently, *without any realization by the jury that here, in fact, was the gauntlet flung down.*

That the picture is a far better work of art than dozens which have been hung is certain; that the jury did not reject it in animus is equally certain. The natural corollary is: how, then, does a picture, undoubtedly superior to numbers of those hung, come to be so unequivocally turned out? Is the jury competent or not to judge what is a work of art?

First, Wyndham Lewis sent in a portrait. Many of the Academicians must paint portraits to live, and of these a certain number must be exhibited. But the public complains bitterly if the R.A. shows any signs of becoming an annex to the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Thus in submitting a fair-sized portrait Wyndham Lewis weighted the scales against himself.

Next, popularly acceptable techniques march, like justice, from precedent to precedent. Not long ago Impressionism was outlaw; today it is quite respectable. Renoirism, Van Goghism, and Gauguinism are still on the borders; Cézanneism, unless very timid, is still just outside.

Once Constable was even among the outlaws. Cézanneism is bound to become respectable, but not yet. Wyndham Lewis's 'academic' portrait contains many emphatic Cézannistic conventions. Its rejection was practically certain.

Still another factor intervenes. Now imagine a jury of fallible human beings called on to review some ten thousand or more paintings. I have felt the awful depression of spirits which develops in the course of time. True art should exhilarate, but half-art does the reverse. Any hint of charm in a work acts like magic—up go the thumbs, in goes the picture. Nobody would dare to suggest that Lewis's portrait contains much charm.

Nevertheless, all this does not alter the fact that the position of the Royal Academy in contemporary British Art is not satisfactory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Herr Hitler's Price

Ourselves and Germany. *By the Marquess of Londonderry. London: Hale. 1938.*

(Wilson Harris in the *Spectator*, London)

LORD LONDONDERRY'S interest in Anglo-German friendship is well known, but, he observes in his preface, 'my attitude has been misinterpreted and my motives misunderstood in various quarters;' he has therefore written this small book both to make all that clear and to set down certain facts of interest regarding his contacts with Herr Hitler, General Göring and other prominent Germans in the last few years.

As to Lord Londonderry's attitude, which he feels has been misinterpreted, it is nowhere very explicitly defined, but various scattered references throw some light on it. He wrote, for example, from Geneva during the Disarmament Conference, at which he was a delegate: 'I am quite in a minority here in this pacifist and sentimentalist atmosphere, and I feel more out of place discussing these fatuous doctrines every day.' 'As one who has been brought up in an atmosphere of Christian idealism,' he deplores religious persecution in Germany, though he sees various extenuating factors. He prefers British democracy to German dictatorship, but he regrets our reluctance to coöperate with Herr Hitler in an anti-Communist crusade. 'The anti-Communist platform,' he holds, 'was, and is, invaluable,' and the Red Hand in Spain is as vermilion and as sinister in his eyes as in Herr Hitler's. 'We fail to recognize,' he remarks, in the first of a series of highly controversial observations, 'that the present condition of Spain is mainly the result of Red machinations.' 'We throw in our weight under non-intervention,' he asserts a page later, 'on the side of the Reds in Spain,'—who, according to him, have so far most inexplicably failed to appreciate the support thus extended to them.

That being so, Herr Hitler's and General Göring's demonstration of the imperative necessity of fighting Bolshevism fell on sympathetic ears, though Lord Londonderry nowhere makes clear what is eminently desirable to get clear: what Herr Hitler means when he speaks of Bolshevism, or by what means it is to be fought. Is it democracy? Or Socialism? Or only Communism? Or Russia as a State? It is not without significance that the one Communist State in Europe has for seventeen years been consistently non-aggressive, while the two principal Fascist States have committed aggression openly and without scruple. In that connection there may or may not be a sinister implication in General Göring's assertion to Lord Londonderry that the Bolshevist contagion was spreading to France and Belgium.

In a *résumé* of post-War history, adequate though incomplete—he omits mention of the evacuation of the Rhineland in 1930, five years before the Treaty period, and of the abolition of Reparations in 1932—Lord Londonderry dwells with justice on the deplorable ineptitude shown by this country and France (France was the obstacle, but we weakly acquiesced) in refusing to test the sincerity of Herr Hitlers' various offers of accords based on a limitation of armaments. Those offers are not open now, and nothing in this book is more disturbing than the record of Lord Londonderry's repeated failures to elicit from Herr Hitler or General Göring or Herr von Ribbentrop any definition of what Germany's real objectives are. Lord Londonderry himself, closing his book just as the seizure of Austria was being enacted, puts the best face it is possible to put on that, but recognizes that a German move against Czechoslovakia would create 'a totally different situation.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While it is of interest as a personal record, Lord Londonderry's book cannot be said to cast new light on the Anglo-German situation, and though he pleads earnestly for the establishment of Anglo-German friendship—before the last sands have run out—he can indicate no solid basis for it except a joint anti-Communist campaign. No serious person is blind to the importance of an understanding that would suffice in itself to make European peace secure—if its content was such as to ensure the security of peace—but till Germany's conditions for such an understanding are formulated we can only, in Lord Londonderry's words, 'extend the hand of true friendship to the Third Reich' if we are ready to offer it at any price—in other words, at Germany's price.

Lord Londonderry advocates a Conference of the Great Powers of Europe, of which Russia is obviously one. But will Herr Hitler sit at a conference-table with Russia? Or has Lord Londonderry a formula that will exclude her? It is on that kind of unanswered question that the future of European peace may depend.

It is a little startling, by the way, to find Germany referred to as 'the country which has given the world great religious leaders like John Hus.' The insertion of the word *next* before *world* would adjust the statement to fact, but that can hardly be the explanation of a passage which seems to have escaped the keen eyes of Lady Desborough and Mr. Ward Price, who, as Lord Londonderry mentions, were good enough to read through the whole of the text in typescript.

Russia from the Inside

The Story of 'St 25.' *By Sir Paul Dukes, K. B. E. London: Cassell. 1938.*

And Nothing Long. *By Ranald Mac-Donell. London: Constable. 1938.*

(R. H. Bruce Lockhart in the *Spectator*, London)

TO THE 'spate' of books on Russia there is no end. I have long abandoned the struggle to keep pace with this torrent. I find it increasingly difficult to take seriously the views of men and women who, however eminent they may be in their own walk of life, never saw the pre-Bolshevik Russia and have no knowledge either of the Russian language or of the Russian people. It is therefore a pleasant coincidence that the same week should give us two books which, being written by men who played an active part in the drama of the Russian Revolution, have a commanding claim on our attention.

Sir Paul Dukes's *The Story of 'ST 25'* is the narrative of those strenuous months in 1919 when he was head of the British Intelligence Service in Russia. I do not share his unqualified respect for the brains of the Secret Service. Admittedly, the discovery of concrete facts about the enemy is of inestimable value in war time. But the political opinions of spies and agents, who, more often than not, have no political experience and no political background, are frequently misleading, and in trying to determine the relative advantages and disadvantages of secret service one could make out almost as good a case for its abolition (as a measure of self-defense) as for its retention.

For the courage of secret service agents I have nothing but admiration. The story of Sir Paul Dukes's courage is one of the great epics of the War. I met him first in 1917. He was then working for the Anglo-Russian Commission in St. Petersburg. He looked what he was then and what I believe he still is—an artist with a strong streak of mysticism in his character. He had beautiful hands, a high, intellectual forehead, and deep-set eyes that burned with the flame of the higher purpose. Although our business was comparatively unimportant, I was interested in a young man who even then had renounced his musical career, because music demanded a full allegiance and the four years of interruption caused by the War could never be recaptured. In July, 1914, he was chief assistant to Albert Coates at the Mariinsky Theatre. I felt that he should still be there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would have been hard to imagine anyone less like the ordinary run of British secret service agent.

Yet a secret service agent Dukes became. At the end of 1918, when the British had to scuttle from Russia and the atmosphere was as hostile as it could be, he accepted a commission to go back and to supply his country with the information which it could obtain from no other British source. He had to adopt numerous disguises and obtain all kinds of false papers. He became, in turn, an agent of the Cheka, a soldier of the Red Army, and, of course, a member of the Communist Party. He was helped by his remarkable knowledge of Russian and also, I think, by that affection for Russia and for the Russian people which he shares with nearly every Englishman who measures his period of residence in Russia by years and not by days.

But the dangers which he faced daily—and nightly—were ever-perilous and ever-present. He slept in tombs. He could never be sure if he was talking to a friend or to an *agent provocateur*. Only a fatalist or a man who believes, as Sir Paul believes, in the intervention of a supervising Providence could have run such risks without losing his nerve. Yet these risks he increased voluntarily. In addition to his dangerous official work of sending home reports, he undertook the infinitely more dangerous, unofficial task of organizing the escape of the men and women who befriended him and who at times held his own safety in their hands.

To a large extent his book is the story of his adventures. In their kaleidoscopic variety and in their seeming improbabilities these adventures exceed the wildest flights of fancy ever conceived by the imagination of a William le Queux or a Valentine Williams. But they do not make this impression on the reader. Sir Paul tells his tale modestly, almost without a trace of excitement. It is the only secret service story which has ever convinced me of its absolute truth. Perhaps that is why it lacks some of the tingle of other less truthful spy stories. The author does not obtrude his personal opinions with violence. Throughout his narrative one feels his almost religious devotion to the Russian people. At the end he proclaims his faith in a resurrected Russia.

The book itself will not solve the riddle of Russia for the bewildered British reader. But it will remain for all time as a valuable historical document, not only for its documented record of an amazingly brave endeavor, but also because it conveys more convincingly than any book I know the atmosphere of cowardice, courage, corruption, cruelty and chaos which pervaded those early years of the Bolshevik revolution.

Mr. Ranald MacDonell's *And Nothing Long* bears no resemblance to Sir Paul's sober recital. His book is not wholly concerned with Russia nor is it wholly serious. It is, in fact, the humorous and good-humored autobiography of a man who has been, by turn, bank clerk, tea-planter in Ceylon, applicant for the throne of Albania, oil company manager, British Vice-Consul, temporary Foreign Office official, owner of a grocer's shop, and Fleet Street reporter. And just because Mr. MacDonell has taken the caresses and the buffets of fortune with equanimity and because he has never lost his curiosity about the adventure of life, he has written an attractive and captivating book. He is never dull. He touches on almost every side of life, sometimes with humor, sometimes with pathos, and always with modesty. He laughs at himself, and the reader laughs with him.

This recommendation, however, does but partial justice to Mr. MacDonell's book. The best and, I feel sure, the happiest years of his life were spent in Russia. Like Sir Paul Dukes, he has a genuine affection for Russia, and he has a happy knack of being able to analyze the Russian character in a few aphorisms. 'Russia was totally devoid of vulgarity; that perhaps is because Russia is the East and vulgarity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a product peculiar to the West.' 'Russians are often depressed, but never boring.' These are fundamental truths which may have been said before but never quite so pithily. Take again his summary of the Russian passion for words: 'Childlike they feel that words are greater than deeds and deeds can only be born of words; they know the comforting joy of the nice things said and the tragedy of harsh words beyond recall.' One feels that if Mr. MacDonell loves his Russians he also understands them.

He was also a remarkably shrewd judge of a political situation. During the War he was not only British Vice-Consul in Baku, but also political adviser to the various British military missions and, finally, to the armed forces which sought to intervene with constant heroism but varying success in the conflicting turmoils of the Caucasus.

Mr. MacDonell knew the virtues and the weaknesses of these various Caucasian races that the British wished to organize into an anti-Bolshevik front. Conscientious Red-tabs inundated the War Office with reports in which they indicated their preferences. Mr. MacDonell gives you the whole picture in a few strokes of his pen: 'The Armenians were sullen and uninclined to work with the Georgians; the Georgians were uninclined for any work at all. As long as the women and wine lasted, they were content to enjoy them. When these ran out, they preferred the usual elegant suicide.'

With the establishment of the Bolshevik régime Mr. MacDonell had to leave Russia. He was put in charge of a new Transcaucasian section in the Foreign Office. He wrote a few reports in which he ventured to call Lord Curzon's attention to the dangers of intervention. He recommended leaving the Russians to their own affairs and 'confining ourselves to assisting the Caucasian Republics and other border States which, whatever might happen, would always remain anti-Russian.'

But the Foreign Office was then very India-minded. Moreover, all people who mattered were convinced that Bolshevik Russia was the most temporary of post-War specters. As Mr. MacDonell writes, 'they felt sure of those better elements anxiously waiting for the advent of Denikin, Mr. Winston Churchill and the new Tsar.'

For his services the Foreign Office appointed Mr. MacDonell Consul in Tiflis and then, when the Bolsheviks would not accept him, retired him under the Geddes axe. The Foreign Office's loss has been the public's gain. Although I heard his praises sung by many diplomatists, I never met Mr. MacDonell in Russia. Now that I have read his book, I want to know and hear more about him. It is a wish which I am confident every reader of *And Nothing Long* will share.

British Coöperatives

CONSUMERS' COÖPERATION IN GREAT BRITAIN. *By A. M. Carr-Saunders, P. Sargant Florence and Robert Peers. London: Allen and Unwin. 1938.*

(A. P. W. in the *Manchester Guardian.*)

DURING the last few years a committee of economists and educationists has been engaged on an inquiry into the British coöperative movement. The inquiry has had the good will and assistance of the movement, and the results are presented today in a book that should earn the gratitude—when they get over the shock—of all coöperators. The work of writing the book fell to Professors P. Sargant Florence, R. Peers, and A. M. Carr-Saunders, but they had many assistants among research students at various universities. The result is a book of over 550 pages covering all phases of the movement and certain to have wide influence.

Everyone who looks at the coöperative movement with a sympathetic eye or knows anything of its remarkable history over the last century must have the feeling that there is something wrong with it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that it is not half as good as it ought to be. It is one of the greatest of our English democratic and voluntary movements, a magnificent tribute to working-class organization. It has seven and a half million members, and 'it is probably true to say that in every second household in the country at least one person is a member.' Its financial resources are immense: its funds amount to more than £300,000,000 and its annual trading operations to much more.

Yet it does not play the part in the national life that one would expect from its size, its financial strength, and its considerable tincture of practical idealism. It throws up few or no national figures known outside its own ranks. The cynical are often heard to marvel at the miracle that a movement so shot through with mediocrity should yet flourish.

This book will help to explain the paradox. The coöperator, while he will find an extremely fair, even generous, appraisement of the virtues of the movement, will also find a frank and disquieting analysis of its weaknesses and shortcomings. These are far more important than the old issue between private and coöperative trading, which in these days of chain stores has lost much of its meaning. They touch the very nature and capacity of the democratic method in economic affairs.

There is, of course, no doubt about the progress of the coöperative movement, the side we usually hear about. In the last generation it has extended into new areas of the country (haphazardly, it is true), and its volume of trade advances. But its share of the total retail trade of the country does not grow. On the most favorable estimate, disregarding the fields into which coöperative societies do not enter (like newspaper selling, drink, and motor-cars), coöperative trade is no more than 11 per cent of the total retail sales of the country. Why, with a membership covering half the families of the country, does it only do a ninth of the total trade? The inquiry set out to find the explanation.

It is a hard saying, but largely true, that the coöperative movement does not know where it is going. It has failed 'to work out a new philosophy of coöperation after the older Owenite ideal had been abandoned,' and 'its influence in the realm of ideas has in modern times been negligible.' This is characteristically shown in its attitude toward politics. It abandoned political neutrality because of the attacks on it after the war. It entered into alliance with the Labour Party and at the same time set up an independent party that can only exist on sufferance and has no clear-cut coöperative policy.

As the authors say, the consequence may be that it is: 'politically less powerful than if it was officially out of politics but prepared to advise its members to support those candidates who agreed most with the coöperative program. For, as things are, the Labour Party is more or less assured of coöperative support and need not bestir itself over coöperative grievances. Indeed Labour Party policy is constructed with little or no reference to coöperative ideals or coöperative needs.'

Educationally also the movement has lost its way. 'After many decades of much valuable achievement the movement has reached a phase where the original impetus has worked itself out.' The money 'is not ill-spent, but it is spent conventionally and without imagination.' Thus the Coöperative College in Manchester is starved, inadequately equipped for co-operative research, and yet wasteful of effort, for no regular use is made of the facilities of Manchester University for the study of economics and social subjects. Then, again, the coöperative press lacks distinctive character; 'Many coöperative journals are unworthy of the movement they represent. . . . They are dull, unattractive, lifeless and frequently unreadable without a great effort.' In both fields the cause is the same: it is the conservatism, the lack of imagination, the refusal to spend money on the best technical and professional services.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This indeed is one of the main criticisms running through the book. Coöperators will not get the best because they will not pay for it and are too self-satisfied to know how to get it. Again and again it is pointed out how the movement fails to attract and keep the best brains. Both in the wholesale and retail societies there is great need for more scientifically trained managers. The coöperative movement, relying mainly on the promotion of its own people who entered at fourteen, giving jobs by seniority, is afraid of initiative. 'When promotion is made on the basis of efficiency it is generally for routine ability rather than for initiative.'

The authors point out the inconsistency in the movement's persistent demands for a higher school-leaving age and its general refusal to take on children who have stayed at school beyond fourteen: 'So far it has failed to use the trained ability which is made available for it by the present educational system. Even the advantages of secondary education have not been realized, and recruitment from the universities is almost unknown.' Then there is a queer prejudice against the employment of women. Much of the lack of progressiveness and the general attachment to routine arises from the rigid control of committees, on whose shortcomings (as well as virtues) the book has much to say.

The wholesale societies, for all their gigantic operations, follow and do not lead. Very few enterprises have been initiated in anticipation of the demands of the retail societies. The authors point out that, although on the gross figures cooperative production appears to account for 51 per cent of total sales to consumers, actually the net figure (subtracting cost of raw materials) is less than 20 per cent. One of the most striking chapters examines coöperative investment policy and the reluctance to use the enormous funds in fresh industrial investment:—

'Decentralized democracy makes for long deliberation of any proposal for investment and for a slow process of coming to a decision, if any. Directors and other administrative chiefs find no financial interest in extending trading activities—only more bother; and they would be more than human if they were to go out of their way, against much coöperative philosophy and the dictates of security, to advocate additional investment. Moreover the social antecedents of most cooperative administrators are such that investments on a large scale appear somewhat staggering. They are liable to be thinking in terms of tens of pounds when the need is for the investment of hundreds of thousands. It is significant, perhaps, that, apart from the purchases of raw materials, investment in capital goods for C.W.S. plants of a higher value than £5 requires the sanction of the board of directors.'

One can only mention a few of the many other points brought out—the 'illogical tradition' of production by retail societies, often not even covering wage costs; the superabundance of styles, which prevents mass production; the weakness on the æsthetic side ('products are deficient in taste, and apparently in the gustatory as well as in the æsthetic sense'); the relations between the societies and their employees; the lack of attention to scientific management and proper costing systems.

The book's searching analysis of cooperative costs is important and of wide general interest. The last chapters present a set of suggestions for the attention of the movement, mostly for supplying it with more centralized direction and leadership to correct its 'excessive parochialism' and with more imaginative concepts and greater technical efficiency. The response of coöperative leaders to the candid friends who have written this book will be waited with some interest—if coöperative leaders read it. Their critics certainly will.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

GUSTAV STRESEMANN: HIS DIARIES, LETTERS AND PAPERS. *Volume II. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 549 pages. $6.50.*

SO STRONG is the temptation to look for continuity in historical events, ignoring the breaks and diversities, that historians and other readers of this, the second installment of the Stresemann Papers, may easily be carried away by the 'beginnings' of Nazism which can be found here; the aspirations of Stresemann for the German nation seem to have started what the Hitler régime has now achieved. To be sure, the former laid a different stress upon the readjustments to be sought. To Stresemann the *Anschluss* was a remote consummation, but he did begin cautiously to assume the duty of protecting from ten to fifteen million Germans who lived 'under a foreign yoke in foreign lands.' Yet even here the protection was to be effected through German membership in the League. Stresemann considered the rectification of Germany's 'bleeding' Eastern frontier a far more urgent matter than Hitler, who has postponed that and has 'forever' renounced German claims to the South Tyrol; Stresemann had considered the Tyrol sufficiently German to protest against its Italianization.

In their methods, and in their response to Germany's plight after the War, the differences between the two men are naturally most marked. Stresemann's patience was perhaps greater than that of most Germans with the fatal intransigence of the Versailles Powers, which then seemed as formidable as they now appear cringing. His own capitalist industrialist *milieu* made Stresemann feel very strongly the utter dependence of Germany on foreign credits and export markets—in fact, the hopeful settlement at Locarno was in a way the outcome of his anxious listening to the cracking of the German industrial structure, noises which had already induced German heavy industrialists even in December, 1925, to call for a dictatorship in the Reich. Loans and credits loom large among the factors determining his policies—so large that the French could hope a few years later to forestall *Anschluss* by recalling credits granted to Central Europe. But they failed to perceive that they were thereby encouraging the growth of autarchic tendencies and arrangements which now permit the Third Reich to sneer at the once powerful and over-estimated creditor Powers.

Hitler has denied that there is any continuity between Stresemann's foreign policies and his own, but he has carried on some of the former's tricks for a long time—for instance, the playing up of the Red bogy before the Western Powers. The Wilhelmstrasse, the institution of continuity, could tell him how well Stresemann once did that. But there has been a tremendous break, of which the world would be aware even if Hitler did not emphasize it by renaming all the Stresemann Streets in the Reich. The difference in cultural levels is all too apparent while the *Führer* disfigures the German land with mammoth buildings and columns galore, and with strategic automobile roads, Stresemann, who was called 'the bane of the German middle class' by his old enemy Hugenberg, dedicated the little leisure left him to dilettante studies of Goethe and Napoleon. What is more important to the world, Stresemann's aims were for peace and through peace—for the union of European interests with those of Germany—whereas those of the Third Reich are for a peace ominously resembling a *Pax Romana.*

—ALFRED VAGTS

AMERICA'S STAKE IN INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENTS. *By Cleona Lewis, assisted by Karl T. Schlotterbeck. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 1938. 710 pages. $4.00.*

IN THE fifteen years prior to 1929 the foreign investments of the United States increased by nearly 500 percent: from 3½ to 17 billion dollars. With the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 this country was still a debtor nation to the tune of nearly 4 billion dollars; ten years after the signing of the Versailles Treaty it had become a creditor nation with net foreign claims of twice that amount. Then came the Depression, and in less than eight years — to the middle of 1937—the value of American investments abroad had been reduced to about 13 billions and the net creditor position to 4 billions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are some of the facts presented by Miss Lewis in her comprehensive and minutely documented study of American finance capital from Colonial times to the present. Written in a severely technical manner, with a minimum of political or social considerations, the volume nevertheless tells a very significant story: the story of a vast industrial and financial Empire and of the ways in which 'money power' works to dominate the world.

The study is in three parts, followed by two hundred pages of appendices. In the first we see America's debtor position and the struggle to reduce her mounting foreign liabilities through internal developments and the increasing export of capital. Part Two is a detailed and absorbing account of the invasion of foreign countries by the great American corporations: Morgan in France, Doheny in Mexico, Standard Oil in the Far East, Firestone in Liberia, Ford in Brazil, General Motors in Canada and scores of others. This is capitalism on the job—but working under increasing difficulties, thanks to the rising tide of economic nationalism. Profits from foreign investments are still very much in evidence, but the opportunities for expansion are narrowing, and those opportunities are available only to the most strongly entrenched interests—and on increasingly harder terms.

On the day that Hitler took Austria, American investors lost a cool $35,000,000 in bonds of the former Republic. That is just one of the lessons to be drawn from Miss Lewis' book, which certainly does not favor the hopes of our 'isolationists.'

—HAROLD WARD

IRAQ. A STUDY IN POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT. *By Philip Willard Ireland. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 510 pages. $3.75.*

THE SYRIAN DESERT. CARAVANS, TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION. *By Christina Phelps Grant. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 410 pages. $5.00.*

AFGHANISTAN: A BRIEF SURVEY. *By Jamal-ud-Din and Muhammad Abdul Aziz. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1936. 160 pages. $5.50.*

THE growing interest of the American reading public in matters of world affairs is clearly reflected in the publication of an increasingly large number of books dealing with countries and peoples in every part of the globe. To this tendency, the trio of volumes under review bears eloquent witness. Mr. Ireland's exhaustive and eminently fair study covers, with some background material, the political development of Iraq from the first appearance of a British military force in Turkish Arabia in November, 1914, to the termination of the mandate and the kingdom's admission to the League of Nations in October, 1932. The author, who knows Arabic, has drawn his information from published and unpublished government documents, interviews with the most important participating British and Iraqi statesmen, Iraqi and foreign newspapers and periodicals, and the most valuable relevant secondary works. The chief emphasis is on the problems of Arab nationalism, Anglo-Iraqi relations and Iraqi administration, with only incidental reference to social and economic questions, or the Assyrian and Kurdish minority issues. In view of the thoroughness with which Mr. Ireland has gone into his subject, it is interesting to note that he believes Palestine never to have been specifically reserved from territories guaranteed to the Arabs in the famous McMahon-Hussein letters of 1915. On the other hand, he finds no historical evidence to support the view of some Arabs that Great Britain signed a secret treaty promising Palestine to Sherif Hussein in January, 1916.

Equally interesting is the scholarly work of Mrs. Grant on *The Syrian Desert*, 'the shortest highway between the Orient and the Occident,' whose trade routes 'for more than three thousand years . . . have linked the eastern seaboard of the Mediterranean with Mesopotamia.' The author describes the geography and inhabitants of the desert, recounts in vivid language the adventures of early and recent travelers and explorers, discusses the status, make-up and dangers of the great merchant and pilgrim caravans, considers the important items of contemporary desert travel, surveys eleven centuries of desert postal service and finishes with an excellent chapter on the railway and air services and oil-pipe lines of the present. Several appendices include useful glossaries, tables of money and exchange, and an exhaustive bibliographical guide. 'The significant fact today,' says Dr. Grant, 'is the ease with which the Syrian desert can be traversed.'

Afghanistan is the collaborative work of a prominent Eastern educator and a noted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archeologist. It provides considerable interesting and useful information concerning a country whose name, to most Americans, probably recalls to mind tales of romance and rugs, but little else. The volume contains a short description of the geography of the country and its people, a forty-page outline of Afghan history from about 500 B. C. to 1934, and a brief survey of the governmental and administrative systems. Throughout there is special emphasis upon matters of religion, education, health, and finance. The hero of the book is the late king, Muhammad Nadir Shah, 'the Liberator, Deliverer and Martyr,' who was murdered in 1933 by a retainer of a general who had been executed in the previous year for his part in a rebellion. A series of appendices contains, among other items, a short bibliography, a list of sovereigns, postal and customs information, and passport regulations. There are also several good maps showing the means of communication, weather conditions and the location of the not inconsiderable mineral resources. The authors have, in short, provided a readable reference work, characterized by pride in past achievements and optimism for the future.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

Chinese Women: Yesterday and Today. *By Florence Ayscough. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 324 pages. $3.50.*

THE current war in China has shown that in the crisis of a struggle for national liberation women can throw off an age-old condition of servitude and assume a position of leadership. What a contrast there is between the old life and the training which twenty thousand Chinese women volunteers are undergoing today in preparation for front-line work! It was only a few decades ago that the whole of woman's life in China was contained in the 'Three Dependences:' dependence upon father, husband and son. Today, these Chinese women are being prepared for 'reconnoitering, guiding the populace and tending the wounded and sick.'

That the process is, however, by no means complete is indicated by Florence Ayscough in her very interesting book. In out-of-the-way districts foot-binding survives, and women still sway delicately upon crippled 'golden lilies,' as the broken feet are sometimes called. In many places marriage is still entirely a matter of parental arrangement, without the possibility of love until after the ceremony has been completed and husband and wife have a chance to get to know each other. Yet the bonds of ancient tradition are breaking and a new era is emerging for Chinese womanhood.

The author also describes the lives of some leading Chinese women, ancient and modern. Particularly impressive is the story of Ch'iu Chin, who was executed by the Manchu rulers in 1907 for her struggle in behalf of a Chinese republic. The book contains, in addition, a number of poems, translated in a very effective, literal manner. The following lines of parting from a young wife to her husband are especially beautiful:—

Forever, forever, may you be peaceful, tranquil,
Long, long may we not die in each other's hearts.

The author would have gained by paying more attention to the life of the anonymous millions rather than that of unrepresentative upper-class women. There is also an annoying practice of translating Chinese names literally. China is, for example, often called 'the Central Flowery State,' or Japan, 'Sun's Root Land.' Mr. Nung Chu, a perfectly respectable Chinese name, becomes in English the ridiculous 'Mr. Cultivator-of-bamboos.' This is pure affectation, since Chinese pay hardly more attention to the literal meanings of names than we do in speaking of the city of Buffalo, Senator Pepper or Secretary of State Hull. These are, however, minor matters and do not seriously interfere with the reader's enjoyment of the book as a whole.

—Lawrence K. Rosinger

My Brother, A. E. Housman: Personal Recollections Together with Thirty Hitherto Unpublished Poems. *By Laurence Housman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. 286 pages. $3.00.*

SOME of the English literary journals, in the weeks soon after Housman's death, gave space to a curious little battle between men who apparently hated the poet for other reasons than his poetry, and his defenders, who seemed to speak with less assurance than those who bore him enmity. Now that Housman has been some time longer in his grave, the ire that pursued him beyond its brink is forgotten, and we may enjoy peacefully his brother Laurence's memoir of him, a volume that includes pas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sages from his letters, thirty hitherto unpublished poems, nonsense verses—*Fragment of a Didactic Poem on Latin Grammar* is especially good—and examples of his bitter wit. Fortunately few of us are professors of the dead languages; we are unlikely to resent such shafts as 'When . . . has acquired a scrap of misinformation he cannot rest until he has imparted it,' and 'Nature, not content with denying to Mr. . . . the faculty of thought, has endowed him with the faculty of writing.' Housman may have been thinking of this incongruously gifted Mr. . . . when he remarked: '. . . that holy man St. Jerome very truly observes "*nemo tam imperitus scriptor est qui lectorem non inveniat similem sui*" (the worst hand at writing in the world is sure to find some reader of his own kidney).'

'He was not a man of happy disposition;' says his brother, 'but in spite of that handicap he extracted from life a good deal of melancholy satisfaction suited to his temperament; and though he smiled at life somewhat wryly, he did manage to smile.' Doubtless much of his acerbity and deliberately chosen isolation arose from the failure to win hoped-for honors in his final examinations at Oxford, and from the years of distasteful work in the Patent Office that followed that great disappointment to himself and his family. Though he could be gruff and forbidding, he could also be extraordinarily kind. The pages devoted here to his letters to a very young American who had no claim upon him (and it should be remembered that Housman spoke of the United States as 'our revolted colonies,' and probably more than half meant it) show him capable of uncommon good will to a stranger who seems to have known to flatter as well as to ask boons.

Housman was a rugged and rather terrifying combination of relentlessly meticulous scholar, poet and savage wit. His brother's book gives us something of each side of him and (with some excellent photographs) provides a fuller knowledge of him than most of his admirers have had until now. Even those who do not care for his poetry and have no interest in scholarship for its own sake must respect the man for his pure passion for exactitude and honesty in scholarship. His impatience with 'pedants' (as he called himself) whose scholarly standards were lower or less exigent than his own aroused anger and wit together in him, and few could turn anger to such good account. Fewer still have set themselves so hard a goal as his: 'Not only is it difficult to know the truth about anything, but to tell the truth when one knows it, to find words which will not obscure or pervert it, is, in my experience, an exhausting effort.'

In the long run, of course, Housman will be remembered not for his great learning nor for his angry wit, but for the best things in his books of verse. Ironically, his memorial will dwell largely in the misquotations his lines will suffer. Thus Clarence Darrow, calling upon him 'because he had so often used my poems to rescue his clients from the electric chair,' misquoted him to his face. But such a memorial, borne on the tongues of men, is no mean one. No poets earn it save those with the rare gift of speaking clearly and certainly to the hearts of thousands of their fellow-men.

—Henry Bennett

Out of Africa. *By Isak Dinesen. New York: Random House. 1938. 389 pages. $2.75.*

ISAK DINESEN is the pseudonym of Baroness Karen Blixen, a Danish noblewoman who writes in English with greater assurance, sensitivity and success than the vast majority of native-born professional practitioners of her adopted tongue. The author of *Seven Gothic Tales* now gives us the story of her life on a coffee plantation in East Africa. Her Africa is not a continent of jungle-darkness, but of the highlands. 'There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere. . . . The colors were dry and burnt, like the colors in pottery. . . . Everything that you saw made for greatness and freedom and unequaled nobility.' Her love for the Ngong Hills, for her house and farmlands, and her half-laughing devotion to the native squatters and workers on her plantation are set forth vividly as threads in some bright tapestry. There is a curious tapestry-like quality to this volume. Without chronology or climax, a multitude of people and events and the sweep of a vast country are woven together in a compelling and artistically integrated whole.

Lions came to Baroness Blixen's farm, and locusts. But it was only out on the safaris that she could see the elephants 'pacing along as if they had an appointment at the end of the world;' the rhinos, like 'very big angular stones rollicking in the long valley and enjoying life together;' the giraffes, 'in their queer inimitable vegetative gracefulness, as if it were not a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herd of animals but a family of rare long-stemmed speckled gigantic flowers.' And there was the fawn, Lulu, who came to live in her house, whose 'diminutive hoofs gave her all the air of a young Chinese lady of the old school, with laced feet'—and sounded when she walked on the bare floors like 'a succession of little angry finger taps.'

No less remarkable than Baroness Blixen's articulation of the animal world is her faculty for recreating the Somali, Masai and Kikuyu personalities that stalked across the acres of her farm. They amused her and were amused by her. They were a little afraid of her, 'more in the manner in which you are afraid of a sudden terrific noise than as you are afraid of suffering and death.' They respected her as a mediator and judge, although their ideas of justice could not encompass the abstractions of motive and intent—only the cost of the *fait accompli*. When they wished to pay her a grateful compliment, they told her not that they would remember her always, but that they were sure she would never forget them. In all their dealings together there existed a mutual respect and sympathy too rarely found in the relations of blacks and whites on more continents than Africa.

The final chapters concern the tragic death of her friend, Denys Finch-Hatton, and the infinite sadness of her farewell to the farm. An airplane crash swept Denys 'out of Africa.' Declining crops and a trembling economic system forced the Baroness to give up her farm, return to Europe and write *Out of Africa*. What the coffee trade has lost, English and American readers have gained. For this is a rich and superbly satisfying book.

—Lincoln Barnett

Freud, Goethe, Wagner. *By Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. 211 pages. $2.00.*

IN these essays a great German who has rejected the Third Reich discusses three other Germans who have contributed to his development. One of them the Third Reich has rejected, one it has accepted half-heartedly and one it has embraced as a forerunner of National Socialism. Ironically enough it is this last, Wagner, whom Mann shows explicitly to be the contradiction of everything for which National Socialism stands. This contradiction is revealed not only in his sympathies and his political activity, which cost him twelve years of exile after 1848, but also in his art, which he designed for 'an ideal public . . . . in the sense of a classless society, founded on love, freed from luxury and the curse of gold.' Even his nationalism cannot be reconciled to the German nationalism of today. 'That would be to falsify and misuse (it), to besmirch (its) romantic purity. The national idea, when Wagner introduced it as a familiar and workable theme into his works—that is to say, before it was realized—was in its heroic, historically legitimate epoch. It had its good, living and genuine period; it was poetry and intellect, a future value.'

In all these essays there is more autobiography, more of Mann, than there is of the subjects of the essays. In a sense this is unavoidable, for Mann is discussing forces that have been at work in him and that are close to his spirit. In the essay on Freud, therefore, we learn more of the development and transformation of Tonio Kröger into Joseph than we do of Freud. This is so because Mann became interested in Freud when his work had developed to the stage of myth-making and timelessness, when he could use what Freud had done, when he was ready to pass 'from the bourgeois and individual to the mythical and typical.'

An unfortunate result of the autobiographical character of these essays is that Mann, by seeking out in the three men those qualities that are congenial and sympathetic to his own spirit, finds too great similarity in them. In discussing Goethe, for example, he tends to see him statically and to disregard the development which Goethe underwent. He is attracted to Goethe by certain superficial similarities and he then reads into Goethe his own refinement of the bourgeois ideal and his own greatness. The result is, therefore, a picture of a purified Goethe, but a more life-like picture of Mann himself.

A more fortunate result of this autobiographical method of interpretation is that Mann isolates and preserves the finest part of the work of the men he discusses by recreating them in the light of his own spirit and understanding rather than in the light of the traditions that surround them. For that reason these essays are valuable for all those who are interested either in their subjects or in Mann. For the latter, the essay on Freud is especially important.

—Joseph Kresh

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD TRADE

TRADE ECONOMISTS throughout the world are watching America's fight against the recession with the closest attention, because they are becoming convinced as never before that world prosperity, except in the closed economic systems, depends upon American prosperity. Douglas Jay, financial expert of the London *Daily Herald*, recently wrote:—

'Few people realize the extent to which the world's economic life is dominated by the United States. From a third to a half of the world's output of most of the leading commodities is consumed in the United States. The current shrinkage in American industrial activity has brought down prices of almost all the leading commodities by 50 per cent or more.'

In this connection, we quote from the report of an investigation of 'Interactions of American Depression' which appears in the current issue of the *Midland Bank Monthly Review:*—

'The British woolen and linen industries have suffered directly from the shrinkage in buying by American consumers. As for indirect effects, one need only mention the stock exchange depression in this country, traceable mainly to American conditions, which has led in turn to a diminution of buying of commodities by numerous British consumers. Again, the curtailment of American imports of raw materials will reduce Great Britain's income from her overseas investments.'

He then proceeds to show that conditions in the United States have strong effects even in countries whose principal business connections are with other parts of the world, and cites Scandinavia as an example. 'Although Scandinavia's trade relations with Great Britain are far more important than with the United States,' he says, 'it is the business situation in America which exerts the dominant influence on Scandinavian conditions.'

JAPAN must maintain her commerce at a high level if she is to succeed in beating China to her knees; indeed, she must trade in order to survive at all. Unlike the Germany of 1914, she is not economically strong enough to pay the tremendous costs of waging war for years from her own fat and, in the present crisis, it has been necessary to use the axe of authority in cutting down last year's huge excess of imports to conserve exchange for the purchase of needed war materials abroad. Thanks mainly to the severe restrictions imposed on non-essential and all but urgently needed imports last year, Japan's adverse balance for the first quarter of 1938 amounted only to 65,700,000 yen, against an adverse balance of 322,992,000 yen for the same period last year. The curtailment especially affected cotton imports, which declined by 79.7 per cent from the 1937 figure.

From these figures it might appear that the Japanese Government had been very successful in its drive to cut imports to the bone; but that is only partly true. The *Japan Weekly Chronicle* declares that: 'The position of trade may be considered satisfactory from the point of view of adjusting the international accounts, but the export trade which had been mounting in recent years has now taken a turn for the worse.' During the first quarter the country's exports declined by 111,880,000 yen, or 18.9 per cent, compared with the first quarter of 1937. Thoroughgoing investigations were at once gotten under way to study, and to discover means of combating, this trend. It will be learned, of course, that recession in the United States and other markets, anti-Japanese boycotts and the difficulties experienced by many Japanese manufacturers in getting needed raw materials abroad because of the import regulations are all, in some measure, responsible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE general theme that has been chosen for the addresses and round table discussions at this year's Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia is 'Economic Stability and Social Security.' Members of organizations interested in national and international affairs who follow this department may desire to attend the sessions, which will begin on July 3rd, and end on July 16th. Many prominent speakers will address the Institute, and the following round table groups will be formed: 'International Good Will Through Economic Stability,' led by Dr. Robert McElroy of Oxford University, and 'Inter-American Aspects of Economic Stability,' led by Dr. George Howland Cox of George Washington University, both to begin their discussions on July 3rd; in the second week, beginning July 10th, 'The Challenge of the Far East to World Security,' led by Dr. Grover Clark, 'The Church Faces an Insecure World,' led by Dr. Deane Edwards, and 'The Present Social Security Program,' led by Spencer Miller, Jr. Full details can be obtained from the Secretary, Institute of Public Affairs, University, Virginia.

THE Fifteenth Annual Session of the Geneva Institute of International Relations will convene from August 14th through August 19th, and the chief concern of the Institute this year will be to arrive at correct interpretations of recent events and at appropriate lines of action to present further international lawlessness. Among the speakers who will address the sessions will be P. J. Noel Baker, M. P., former Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Professor William E. Rappard; Sir Frederick Whyte; W. Arnold-Forster; G. E. R. Gedye, former Vienna correspondent for the *New York Times;* Henri Rolin, Legal Advisor to the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Edgar Ansell Mowrer, director of the European Bureau of the Chicago *Daily News;* and various officials of the League of Nations Secretariat. Further information can be obtained from the League of Nations Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) or from the Institute's office in Geneva.

'YOUTH'S STAKE in World Peace' will be the subject of the fourth annual Leadership Institute on International Problems sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association and the New Jersey Joint Council on International Relations, to take place from August 26th to September 2nd at the Mortimer Schiff Scout Reservation at Mendham, New Jersey. Among those who are to take part will be Vera Micheles Dean, editor and research associate of the Foreign Policy Association; Dr. Ch'ao-ting Chi of the editorial board of *Amerasia;* Felix Green, member of the staff of the British Broadcasting Company; Joseph Cadden, chairman of the American Committee of the World Youth Congress; Clyde Miller of the Institute of Propaganda Analysis.

THE American Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union (56 West 45th Street, New York City), the Board of Directors of which includes a score of prominent American citizens, has just issued No. 1, Vol. 1, of *The American Quarterly on the Soviet Union.* Articles on the reform of Soviet law, recent developments in Soviet Architecture, the vast Russian oil industry, a typical Ukrainian collective farm and, finally, a study of Miaskovsky, who is the most prolific of all symphonists, are included in the first issue, together with a translation of important recent Soviet documents, a news chronology and notes of Soviet domestic and foreign affairs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

Baron, writing for a professional audience in the *France Militaire*, tells why Germany must remove the Bohemian thorn from her side, how the attack will be made, how long the Czech Army can hold out and, finally, whether France would be able to come to Czechoslovakia's rescue. [p. 308] In the second article, 'In the German Path,' a writer in the *Central European Observer* discusses the perilous situation of Hungary and Yugoslavia since the *Anschluss*. [p. 310]

LIECHTENSTEIN, one of Europe's few remaining story-book principalities, may soon disappear into the maw of Greater Germany. Giles Playfair, an Englishman who knows the little country well, describes it and its people in his 'Visit to Ruritania.' [p. 312]

THREE points on the French political compass—Left, Center and Extreme Right—are represented in the group, 'Frenchmen Take Stock.' Paul Gerin, whose article, 'Havens for Fugitive Capital,' we published some months ago, is the chief financial writer of the Paris weekly, *Vendredi*. In 'Rich Frenchmen, Poor Frenchmen,' he contends that the traditional idea that France is a country of small and moderate fortunes is mistaken. [p. 316] Paul Reynaud, who is portrayed in 'Persons and Personages,' writes about the 'Lost Opportunities' which have resulted from France's decision in 1927 to reorganize her army on a strictly defensive basis. [p. 318] In the last article, Charles Maurras, famous Royalist leader and a conservative of the conservatives, gives 'A Warning to the Right' that patriotism must come before quarrels with the Left. [p. 320]

'SEMYON'S OLD MAN,' our short story this month, affords proof that not all the writing in contemporary Russia is concerned directly or indirectly with boosting the Soviet System. Although it is much too early to consider the sketch as indicating a 'trend,' we do believe that a time will come when Russian writers will feel free to take the political system for granted and 'write as they please,' producing literature as great as any in the past. [p. 323]

A. LOBANOV-ROSTOVSKY, an authority on Oriental questions, goes behind the alarums of the daily news in his article, 'The Long View in Asia,' and analyzes the slow-moving but powerful forces which will determine the destiny of the Asiatic peoples. [p. 336]

MARGIT GANTENBEIN, long a correspondent of the Basel *National Zeitung* in Japan, turned away from the official releases and the ultra-patriotic press and investigated Japan's private feelings about the war in China. Although she devoted special attention to the attitude of the peasants, she also talked with school-teachers, petty officials, small businessmen and women of various stations. Her interesting findings are reported in the article, 'Backstage in Japan.' [p. 344] Other aspects of the China Incident are dealt with in 'Censorship in North China,' a reprint of orders issued by the Japanese military authorities to the press [p. 346]; and 'Shanghai Hospital,' an account of a visit with wounded Chinese soldiers by Robin Hyde, a British resident. [p. 348]

THIS month's 'Miscellany' of lighter articles includes *reportages* about many lands. Raymond Postgate tells how Sweden's system of liquor control works [p. 350]; Georges Tixier explains to an English visitor how and why the formerly obscene writing on Paris walls has become almost entirely political [p. 352]; a writer in the *Latin-American World* describes the 'Ghost City of Manaos' [p. 354]; and the Swiss journalist, Heinz Wilhelm, reports on activities of the Tenants' Committees in war-time Madrid. [p. 355]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED